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The Shape of Things

WHEN SECRETARY OF STATE MARSHALL IN effect indorsed the Bernadotte Plan for Palestine, he touched off a chain reaction that has happily led to the reverse of his position. It was inevitable for pro-Zionist forces, in the face of an imminent election, to put the question squarely to the Republican nominee, by all indications the probable winner and next President. Mr. Dewey responded by reaffirming his "whole-hearted support" of the Republican platform pledge, calling for full recognition of Israel, with the boundaries as originally proposed by the United Nations. Whereupon the President found himself in a position of having to repudiate either his Secretary of State or the platform of the Democratic Party. To his credit, he chose the first alternative, though couching his statement in language least calculated to offend Mr. Marshall. Reaffirming his approval of the boundaries proposed in the U. N. resolution of November 29, he urged that "modifications thereof should be made only if fully acceptable to the state of Israel" and, going Dewey one better, he pledged de jure recognition and financial aid to Israel when a permanent Israeli government is installed. The President berated his opponent for injecting the issue into the campaign, but if Mr. Dewey had waited until November 3, both party platforms might have slipped into the deepest obscurity, as such documents have been known to do after the votes are counted.

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IT WOULD HAVE DONE THE AMERICAN Legion good to have heard one of its heroes, Representative Nixon, of the Mundt-Nixon bill, discoursing on his Un-American Affairs Committee at the seventeenth annual *Herald-Tribune* forum. At their convention in Miami, the legionnaires tilted furiously against the red menace. They were for outlawing the Communist Party, passing the Mundt-Nixon bill, increasing the authority and appropriations of the Thomas committee, and "stamping out" American Youth for Democracy. The Illinois delegation wanted the difference between democracy and Communist dictatorship emphasized in every classroom and suggested that teachers make sure that "our system [is] exalted" Some legionnaires choked on the word exalted, but their sensitivities did not prevail. The resolution carried by an overwhelming vote. In commenting on the Thomas committee, of which he is a member, Mr. Nixon, in New York, admitted that he "would be the last person to assert that the committee has always conducted its investigations in a manner which was above criticism" and proposed the following sound rules for Congressional investigating committees: (1) any individual named as a possible loyalty risk should have full opportunity to present his side of the case in the forum where he was accused; (2) such an individual should have the right to counsel at all times, to call witnesses in his own behalf, and to make statements pertinent to the issue involved; (3) no report involving an individual's loyalty should be issued by a committee until hearings had been held and the individual involved had had an opportunity to appear. Like Paul A. Porter, who shared the platform with Mr. Nixon, we would go farther. Mr. Porter recommended that a "moratorium" be declared on present Congressional and Administrative loyalty checks while the President—any President—establishes a committee, headed by Dwight D. Eisenhower, "to study the present uncontrolled drift toward suppression of ideas."

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SPEAKING OF UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES, JUST how many investigators are needed to investigate them? With the blessing of Representative J. Parnell Thomas, a nation-wide conference of state un-American activities committees was held recently in Los Angeles. Out of this meeting has come the Inter-State Legislative Conference on Un-American Activities, which intends to solicit the participation of scores of civic, veteran, patriotic, and fraternal organizations. It would seem to be merely a question of time until every state has a committee patterned after the six now in existence. At this rate, there will soon be several thousand investigators for every registered member of the Communist Party in the nation.

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AS SECRETARY MARSHALL STEPPED OFF THE plane that had hurried him to Athens last week, he was greeted with the report that the murderers of George Polk, former CBS correspondent in Greece, had been found. The timing of this announcement was not unrelated, as the New York *Herald Tribune* put it, to the crisis that had brought Mr. Marshall to Greece at a moment when he was in great demand elsewhere. The crisis was the pay-off on the Truman Doctrine. The tri-

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umph of the American-supported Greek government over the guerrillas, so widely hailed a few short weeks ago, had disintegrated into yet another failure. The government itself was torn by an unpublicized dispute between its moderate and monarcho-fascist members. Henry F. Grady, the American ambassador, had strongly implied to American reporters—by refusing to answer their pointed questions—that the State Department suspected the Greek government of failing to press the attack on the guerrillas in order to insure increased American aid. And the Polk investigation had, to all intents and purposes, got nowhere. The last was the easiest problem to "solve." The Greek government told Mr. Marshall, and the world, that four Communists had taken part in the killing last May. Immediately thereafter, the guerrillas broadcast that Adam Mouzenides, the alleged "trigger man," was killed fighting in the Grammos Mountains a month before Polk died, and that one of the other alleged murderers had since been killed. Major General William J. Donovan, who is no leftist, regards the "solution" with suspicion, and is going to attend the trial—of those of the accused who can be found—as an observer for the Overseas Writers' Committee. The Newsmen's Commission to Investigate the Murder of George Polk is also planning to be there. Nobody—left or right—is satisfied, in fact, and the best example of this is the New York *Times*, which urges that the case "not . . . be left unsolved."

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UNDEVELOPED COUNTRIES EVERYWHERE are eager to increase their output of food, other natural products, and manufactures in order to raise their standards of living and strengthen their economies. A striking attempt to bring about such a development is to be made by Iran, which has engaged Overseas Consultants, Inc., composed of eleven of the greatest engineering firms in the United States, to advise it regarding a $650,000,000 program. The work will be paid for mainly out of profits from Iranian oil, but some of the foreign exchange needed for imported supplies—40 per cent of the total cost—may be obtained through a loan from the International Bank. American engineers are credited with superior "know-how" because they have built the most highly productive industry in the world. Whether they can apply their methods to a more primitive type of economy, among a people with a tradition and culture which are strange to them, is worth testing. They may have as much to learn about the planned development of national economies as Iranians need to know about modern techniques and management. We hope that the experience will be mutually enlightening and that the Iranians will receive their money's worth. Certainly, the plan seems to offer better hope than hit-or-miss exploitation of Iran's resources by the more shady type of "ven-

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ture capital," and it might even produce better results than imported revolution. At any rate, if enlightened capitalism is to compete with communism throughout the world, this is a better way to carry on the competition than by armies and invective.

*

OUR FEELING ABOUT CENSORSHIP BEING what it is, none of our readers will be surprised that we take strong exception to the stand of the New York Board of Rabbis in the matter of the British film, "Oliver Twist." Our information is that this otherwise unexceptionable movie is marred, from a social standpoint, by a Fagin even more repulsive and villainous, if possible, than the Dickens original, a Jew in the worst tradition of cruel caricature. We imagine few Americans, seeing the picture, would accept Fagin as a symbol for Jewry unless they were thoroughly anti-Semitic before they entered the theater, but even if the film were harmful in this respect, we cannot see that the Board of Rabbis has dealt with the problem wisely or effectively. It is its right to criticize the picture or otherwise attempt to counteract its influence; but to request a ban on its showing in this country is to encourage a kind of suppression that is bad in principle and self-defeating in practice. If the film is eventually shown here, the cause of race relations will be in no way improved by the public knowledge that the Board of Rabbis sought to have it shut out. In Toronto, where "Oliver Twist" has been shown, Jewish leaders took a sounder approach. They told the producer's representative what they thought of the work but rejected the idea of asking for its withdrawal. . . . While we are on the subject, we note with pleasure the decision of New York's Board of Superintendents to restore "Gentleman's Agreement" to the shelves of the high-school libraries. The ban on this volume—as on some other censored material we can think of—was based on arguments that eventually collapsed of their own illogic.

Your Mandate

WE HAVE been at no pains to conceal our want of enthusiasm for any of the Presidential contenders in next week's election. As Freda Kirchwey pointed out in the last issue of *The Nation*, those who feel as we do will vote either for Truman as a protest against Dewey, the probable victor, or for Wallace or Thomas as a protest against both major-party nominees. What we hope none of our readers will do, out of cynicism or indifference, is to stay away from the polls altogether. The Congress of the United States has become far too weighty a factor in world affairs to warrant such cavalier treatment.

Some liberals feel that it is crucially important for the Democrats to recapture the Senate. Since we do not equate the Democratic Party with liberalism, we can hardly commit ourselves to this objective for its own sake. An impressive argument can, in fact, be advanced against hamstringing a Republican President and House with a Democratic Senate. Where it would not actually block government business, it might add to the confusion by serving the Administration's less desirable purposes through a coalition of Republicans and Dixiecrats, regardless of the nominal alignment of party forces. As for committee chairmanships, there is admittedly nothing to gain by substituting a Connally for a Vandenberg as head of the Foreign Relations Committee, a McKellar for a Bridges on the Appropriations Committee, or a George for a Millikin on Finance. And, finally, there is something to be said, from the standpoint of the Democrats themselves, in letting their opponents take full responsibility for their conduct of the government without giving them a chance to blame their failures on an opposition Senate.

While we do not regard technical control of the Senate as a vital issue, we know, at the same time, that the greater the success of the Democrats in both houses the more surely will the Eightieth Congress stand repudiated—with profound effect on the course of a Dewey Administration and on the immediate future of the country.

Party labels are of no consequence as such, but it is hardly to be denied that in almost every instance the more liberal candidate for Congress, by our standards, is either the Democrat or the Progressive. Since, in our opinion, no more than two Progressive nominees have even an outside chance of winning, we can only hope that the Democrats score as heavily as possible in the Congressional returns.

Only in this way will the point be driven home to the Tabers, Knutsons, Tafts, and Hartleys that in expressing a preference for an "efficient" executive over a peculiarly inept one—if that is fated to happen—the voters are registering no indorsement of the Eightieth Congress and its works. It is of the utmost importance to convince the Republicans that even if they win the Presidency, they are being given no "mandate from the people" to scrap the social idealism of the Roosevelt era, to give monopoly a free rein in the East and the despoilers of land a free rein in the West, to move on from the Taft-Hartley act to even more vindictive measures against organized labor, and to choke dissenting opinion in the name of national safety.

There is no more vivid way of impressing this on Thomas E. Dewey and on the gentlemen on the Hill than by voting, whatever your district, for the nominee who, of all those with a conceivable chance to win, comes closest to meeting the standards of a progressive legislator.

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Prerequisites for Peace

THE dilemma facing both Russia and the United States at Paris can be expressed in a few words: how to avoid losing face by appearing to back down while at the same time convincing the world, and particularly their allies, that their intransigence is not going to force the issue to the point of war. Neither power believes it can afford to grasp either horn, and this is why the efforts of the so-called neutrals have been concentrated on finding a formula which will at once (1) satisfy the Western demand for an unconditional lifting of the blockade before talks are resumed and the Russian demand that the use of Soviet-zone currency in all of Berlin be guaranteed before the blockade is lifted; (2) assure the Russians that the whole German question will be reopened in the Council of Foreign Ministers but imply no advance concessions by the West regarding the unification of western Germany and its inclusion in E. R. P.

Merely to state the issue is to reveal the ticklish nature of the job undertaken by Argentine delegate Juan Bramuglia and his backers. As this page goes to press, Russia's position on the compromise offered by the neutrals and accepted by the Western powers is still uncertain. But even if Vishinsky asks for changes, as is generally expected, or again challenges the competence of the U. N. to deal with the dispute, the search for a way out will continue. For one hopeful sign has appeared on the sky of Paris: the other nations of the world are fiercely determined to prevent a war. Nothing could have dramatized their feeling better than Mexico's resolution, adopted without dissenting vote, which appealed to the great powers to "renew their efforts to compose their differences and establish a lasting peace."

A resolution does not make a peace, of course, but it registers a trend that neither Moscow nor Washington can lightly ignore. If Mr. Vishinsky thinks he can reject reasonable proposals for settlement and hold his present prestige, he is mistaken. And if the United States counts upon the backing of even its own Western allies for a policy of treating every Russian offer as a trick, it will soon be set right. The world, and Western Europe in particular, wants peace more than it wants the United States to suck every possible advantage out of Moscow's intolerable behavior in Berlin. The world wants time far more than it wants a showdown; and it particularly wants to avoid a showdown on an issue that is in its broader terms far from clear.

France and Britain have loyally backed America in its firm insistence on Russian retreat. They even indorsed, though with great reluctance, the appeal to the United Nations. They object to the blockade and recognize the impossibility of backing out of Berlin under threat. But both governments, and particularly France, regard war as an intolerable solution. Not only are they unprepared to stand up against the Red Army. Not only do they foresee their own annihilation as the certain and immediate consequence of war. Apart from these elementary and compelling arguments, the Western powers know very well that a war which arose, not because they were attacked or even threatened, but because Russia was using extreme and provocative measures to prevent the creation of a powerful western German state would be impossible to "sell" to a weary and skeptical people. In France, not one man on the street out of a hundred fully accepts American policy in Germany. The French government has swallowed that policy crumb by crumb, gagging over each fragment. In England, sympathy for German recovery is more general, but suspicion of American methods and motives is just as great. Only the extreme right approves the plan to curtail reparations and restore German industry to its former, largely Nazi, control. To the rest of the country, this method of "integrating Western Germany" into the Marshall Plan seems a most questionable way to resist the encroachments of communism. Russia may threaten the West, but the West is not yet prepared to fight Russia in order to gain a restored, capitalist, neo-Nazi Germany as its ally.

Fully aware of this opinion, Western officials, however anti-Russian, prefer to continue to talk, since talk represents the only alternative to war. Obviously, this situation gives the neutrals their great chance; what is called for is a plan to make possible resumed negotiations on terms which will extricate both Russia and America from their common dilemma. Only an intransigence that blinds them to realities will prevent such a plan from being found.

For this reason, the Berlin deadlock with all its hazards has been useful. It has shown the participants the limits beyond which aggressive threats and political stubbornness dare not go. It has roused the other nations from their mood of cynical apathy. Russia has learned that it cannot successfully resist Western political moves by brutal and reckless measures. The British-American air lift was an answer no amount of Soviet propaganda has been able to discredit. On the other hand, having gained this advantage, the United States discovered that it could not push it to the point of a final break without forfeiting the credit it had won. At this moment, Russia faces a similar choice. We are sure the Kremlin does not want war, nor does it want to be branded a threat to the peace. But it must be willing to accept reasonable terms for renewed negotiations; otherwise world opinion, represented in the Security Council by the six neutrals, will swing against it. The hope of peace rests with this growing consensus, which is only beginning to realize and organize its power. If it succeeds in preventing the threatened showdown between Russia and the United States, it may be able to make its will felt at other critical points in the struggle toward a stable world order.

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Germany Comes Back

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Paris, October 22

WHILE following the U. N. developments on Berlin I have had a chance to talk to a number of people who have just come out of Germany. Though I have been reading the German press attentively, I was eager to get a first-hand picture of the feeling about Western Union inside the country. On many points the opinions of these observers differed widely. On one, however, they were unanimous: western Germany is coming back fast.

Several stories confirmed the frequent reports of German hunger. I fully realize the misery of a devastated country under military occupation. I know how true are the descriptions of the impoverished cities, the cellars which serve as hospital rooms for the sick and playrooms for pale, rachitic children. Little wonder that many German mothers tremble at the thought of approaching winter. At the same time it is hard to imagine a more comfortable material situation than that of the German farmer. The existence of widespread privation and suffering does not alter the picture of a western Germany moving toward economic recovery at a pace that arouses envy in other parts of Europe and a justified sense of panic in France.

During my visit to Germany two years ago I suggested to American and British colleagues the danger that the Germans would try to exploit the already nascent disagreements among the Big Four. My friends pointed dramatically to the mountain of rubble that was once the German capital and said: "It's absurd to be afraid of these people. Why, it will take fifty years to rebuild Berlin alone." "Berlin, the city?" I said. "Perhaps. But I venture to say it will take only five years to restore German nationalism, German industry, and German dreams of revenge." I was wrong. It has taken only two years.

After charting a course for the economic disarming of Germany, the Western powers have traveled in exactly the opposite direction. The occupation began with the dismantling of German heavy industry; today the goal seems to be to transform those very plants into the busiest and most efficient of all Europe. The Western powers long ago discarded their original, and correct, view that the armies of Ludendorff and Rommel owed their strength far more to the steel, coal, and productive capacity of the Ruhr than to the military skill of their generals. The economic disarming of Germany has proved a fiasco. It came to an end when the principle of cooperation between the victors to draw the teeth of a redoubtable aggressor was replaced by a plan to use Germany's industrial potential for an eventual assault against a former partner in the victorious coalition. Today western Germany is the keystone of the Marshall Plan.

Official Allied figures published in recent weeks reveal the extent of the recovery program in the western zones. Industrial production has already attained 70 per cent of pre-war levels; during the first week of October coal output in the Ruhr rose to 300,000 tons a day. Steel production is about to be boosted sharply by the integration of the industry into E. R. P. In spite of "official" obstacles to interzonal traffic, the volume of rail transport approved by the four occupying powers for the month of October represents a 50 per cent increase over October, 1946. Nor has the food situation been neglected: in the Allied sectors of Berlin daily rations will be stepped up from 1,730 to 2,000 calories on November 1, and rations are being increased throughout the western zone.

Support for the restoration of Germany as an economic and industrial power has inevitably meant support of its former ruling class. The swing to the right has become the distinguishing feature of recent local elections. Plans for giving more administrative control to the Ruhr industrialists were announced the other day by General Sir Brian Robertson, British military governor, at his headquarters in the Villa Huguel, former residence of the Krupp family. In the New York *Times* of October 16, Drew Middleton reported the progressive return of former Nazis to positions of high responsibility.

On the psychological level the original effort to drive home to the Germans the realization of their guilt and at the same time lay the basis for the democratization of an ultra-chauvinist nation has also been abandoned. Today the notion of guilt is as alien to the average German as the idea that the United States might one day go fascist is to most Americans. According to European experts on Germany, the only regret the German people appear to have about the Nazi experiment is that it did not end in a victory for the Reich.

Perhaps the most striking aspect of post-war thinking across the Rhine is the resurgence of the pan-German ideal that runs like a red thread through this country's history since the days of Frederick the Great. From right to left, in the appeals of the illegal Wehrwolf organization and in the speeches of Socialist leader Schumacher, whose eloquence has helped win the support of Europe's Socialists for German recovery, the pan-German undercurrent is unmistakable.

Germany's rapid comeback has a kind of inevitable, nightmare quality, and foreign observers seem unable fully to grasp the danger it presents. It is to the credit of Sumner Welles that he has been one of the few public men in America to criticize the curtain of silence which has cloaked the revival of the power responsible for the tragic mess in which the world finds itself today.

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Journey Among Creeds

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

INTRODUCTORY NOTE. On August 21 I left New York with three members of the One World Award delegation, en route to Poland, Czechoslovakia, Italy, Israel. Other members were to meet us in Poland; still others in Italy. The mission was primarily organized to take part in ceremonies dedicating various institutions in those countries to the memory of Fiorello LaGuardia, who was given the One World Award in 1947, a short time before he died: a big elementary school in Wroclaw, Poland (formerly Breslau), a high school in Prague, a hospital in Foggia, Italy. A secondary object was to attend, as part of the American delegation, the Cultural Congress for Peace at Wroclaw.

Now that the journey is ended I find it hard to estimate the value in terms of good-will and understanding of such a mission as ours. I can say, though, that our hosts in each country were obviously glad to welcome Americans whose purposes were non-political. The very name LaGuardia carried reassurance; so, I believe, did the names and records of the One World group. I frequently thought as we moved from one capital to another how useful it would be if a similar mission, made up of the sorts of men and women who welcomed us, could visit the United States on some comparable errand. This of course was purest fantasy so far as Eastern Europe was concerned. No such group would be allowed by its government to go; if it were, its members would not be admitted to the United States. Behind all the evident goodwill stood the obdurate facts of official suspicion and hostility, of stubborn incomprehension.

I. Wroclaw

THE Polish government plane we boarded at Le Bourget was old and rather battered; after the champagne and four-course meals on our Air France Constellation the luncheon seemed Spartan—crackers, four varieties, an apple, and something to drink. It was a deceptive preview of Polish fare. We flew straight over France and Germany. The land under us was closely cultivated. A plane's-eye view of Europe encourages illusions: ignoring politics, trade restrictions, even boundaries, it ties the Continent together in a single close-textured pattern of striped fields and neat villages.

Wroclaw brought us back to post-war reality.

We landed almost at dusk and were met by officials and guides from the Cultural Congress who put us into a bus and took us to town. It was a ghostly introduction to the old German city that had been gutted in the house-to-house struggle between the Nazis and the advancing Red Army. A shelled-out city has a different look from a bombed one: the destruction in Warsaw is worse but, apart from the ghetto, somehow less horrifying. Wroclaw is a skeleton, a great solid city reduced to bones and eye-sockets. The Poles are spending incredible energy on rebuilding, and their pride in the work done is enormous and justified. But on our first evening it was the spectacle of desolation that impressed us. This was perhaps intended; in any case it provided a dramatic backdrop for all that followed.

The Congress was to begin next day, and when we arrived at the hotel we found ourselves almost lost in the confusion of last-minute preparations. But if the arrangements seemed haphazard, we could see that our hosts were making heroic efforts to deal with an emergency for which almost no facilities existed. They were vigorous, kind, apologetic. And as the show got under way we were impressed at every turn by the immense achievement represented in a three-day congress, attended by more than 600 delegates arriving from thirty-eight countries, in a city that had only begun to emerge from chaos and a fantastic process of reconversion and repopulation. The enthusiasm and energy that surrounded us contrasted like flame against gray with the physical ruin.

NOW that it is over, we have learned what the press of other countries, America in particular, said about the congress. Much of it was true. But the criticisms were larded with so many misrepresentations that a few belated comments seem in order.

The truth is, the assembled "intellectuals" behaved very much like ordinary statesmen. Perhaps that is the worst thing one could say, for the announced purpose of the meeting was to arrive at understandings possible only to men and women trained in scientific or other cultural fields and removed from immediate political pressures. What took place might have happened in the Palais de Chaillot or at Lake Success: the delegates orated, denounced, intrigued, chatted pleasantly at lunch or in the corridors, and at the end divided inexorably according to their ideological and national affiliations.

The Cultural Congress was the political world in microcosm, with the right wing amputated. The Communists and their close allies predominated; but non-Communists, present in considerable numbers, were given a full and polite hearing. The chief trouble was that the Russians, possibly by design, sounded at the outset a keynote of fierce and partisan controversy which fixed the mood of the meetings beyond hope of redemption.

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The savage attack of Fadayev, the Soviet novelist, on American "imperialism," cultural and political, made discussion in the ordinary sense quite impossible. Ehrenburg's brilliant speech next morning echoed the same unqualified charges, though he concluded with an appeal to the Americans present to join the anti-imperialist crusade. What followed was inevitable. Non-Communist delegates from the West who came to criticize American policy remained to defend if not to praise it. Other issues were overshadowed. To those expecting an exchange of views on measures that might be taken to mitigate antagonisms this was a serious disappointment. Perhaps the error was to entertain such hopes. Perhaps the liberals in particular should have adapted themselves to the facts and either insisted *en bloc* upon a different procedure or jumped into the fight with greater energy. But when have liberals ever done either? As always they were unorganized, impeded by their own doubts, qualifications, and discriminations, as well as by a temperamental dislike of verbal free-for-alls.

Besides, many delegates wanted to talk about other things, and since neither discipline nor concerted plan existed in the American or British groups—where the most vocal dissenters were to be found—no real counter-attack was possible. It was completely typical that the first American speech after Fadayev and Ehrenburg should have been an amiable, personal, rambling talk by O. John Rogge, prepared in advance and devoted largely to the thesis that all political leaders should undergo psychoanalysis in order to become aware of the unconscious motivations behind the policies they advocate. He inserted a few introductory words deprecating the more sweeping denunciations of America, but the final effect was one of total irrelevance. The Russians and other like-minded delegates were clearly astonished; they had expected a direct political reply. The able, very hostile speech of Bryn Hovde of the New School of Social Research came two days after the initial attack. The third scheduled American speech, by Albert Kahn, was a hearty indorsement of the Soviet position. If none of these managed to express fully the views of the majority of Americans, they at least revealed democratic division and individual self-expression in their fullest flower. Perhaps this was worth demonstrating.

It would be tedious to describe the struggle in the resolutions committee. I can only say, as one who voted for it, that the resolution which emerged was a genuine compromise. By the same token it was unsatisfactory to almost everybody. True, the Soviet and other Communist delegates supported it, but no one who sat in, as I did, on even a few of the twelve or fifteen hours of hair-splitting in committee would deny that the far left retreated a long way from the original Russian formula, which explicitly attributed the threat to peace to the United States alone. Inch by inch they yielded ground, first to distribute responsibility among a "few self-interested men in America [not only the United States] and Europe [conceivably including Eastern Europe]," and finally to include most of a substitute "liberal" resolution written by Julian Huxley. If the final result was oversimplified and still slanted eastward, it represented the nearest approach to common ground that the assorted "intellectuals" could attain. All but the most supple must have voted yes with spoken or unspoken reservations, but only a handful, seven Americans and four British, voted against it.

IF THIS were all Wroclaw had to offer, the hostile press reports might have been merited. Fortunately it was not all. Excellent papers were read on various relevant subjects, mostly by learned delegates from lesser and more nearly neutral countries. Outside the school auditorium that served as meeting place, delegates had a chance to talk to their fellows without feeling it necessary to shout. A Soviet-American luncheon was held—on the Russians' invitation—at which good food and moderate quantities of vodka encouraged hopeful conversation, at least at my end of the table, about ways of facilitating an exchange of cultural material. The old novelist, Saslavski, who sat opposite me, proclaimed himself a steady and admiring reader of *The Nation*, though he insisted that we had become more reactionary in the past five years, citing the contributions of Louis Fischer as evidence. It seemed almost impolite, in the face of such amiability, to point out that Mr. Fischer's last contribution appeared almost four years ago.

There were other pleasures and compensations: an official reception to the delegates in Wroclaw's City Hall, its medieval magnificence restored after considerable damage in the war; the exhibition showing three years of progress in the "recovered" western territories; two great popular meetings in the vast hall on the exhibition grounds; and finally, for the members of the One World group, the dedication ceremonies at the new school.

Nothing could have been more amusing and varied than the Mayor's reception. Delegates came in costumes that ranged from formal evening dress to knickerbockers and dirndls: the food was gorgeous enough to stagger even a Russian ambassador; the music was gay; the warmth and hospitality of our hosts were unaffected. As for the exhibition, it was praised by the most critical members of our delegation. Never have I seen a more imaginative presentation of cultural and economic material.

The two mass-meetings deserve special mention. The first, held by the Federation of Polish Women, was attended by 15,000 or more women brought by train and bus and truck from every corner of the country—teachers, peasants in their fine holiday costumes (many wearing crosses on their breasts), trade-unionists from factories and stores, civil servants, housewives. Gathered in

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a hall considerably larger and handsomer than Madison Square Garden—one frequently used in former days for Nazi assemblies—this mass of women displayed eager, unflagging attention and a warmth of response that were very moving. To speak to them was a pleasure even for a reluctant orator like myself. Women from every delegation that included women gave brief talks, all carefully translated. No attempt was made to control speakers or subject matter or to insure a preponderance of left representatives. The men's meeting next day was even larger and just as free and friendly.

The final demonstration of good feeling at Wroclaw was the ceremony in honor of LaGuardia. Staged very informally, on the balcony of the new school named for the American leader, the dedication was attended by the Mayor, the principal, several teachers, and a big group of young children. Norman Corwin spoke for the One World delegation; the replies by the Mayor and other local dignitaries were unqualified in their praise of La-Guardia's efforts to bring the peoples together by making relief and rehabilitation a matter of need rather than of national interest or politics. They pledged the school to the ideals represented by New York's favorite mayor. A friendlier, more honestly democratic affair could hardly be imagined. This ceremony, together with the popular meetings in the great hall on the exhibition grounds, provided a welcome contrast to the polemics of the "intellectuals." If a little of the same spirit had invaded the congress, it would have gone much farther in the direction it was supposedly aimed, that is, toward peace.

[*Next week Miss Kirchwey will describe the visit of the One World delegation to Warsaw and Prague.*]

POLITICS AND PEOPLE

The Key Congressional Races

BY ROBERT BENDINER

AFTER a campaign as sluggish as it has been vapory I find myself looking toward the results with an eagerness I hardly expected to muster. It is not the Presidential vote, of course, that will keep me glued to the radio on Election Night—I can wait indefinitely to learn Mr. Dewey's plurality—but rather the success or failure of scores of aspirants to lesser office. Dewey's caginess plus Truman's personal weakness minimizes the significance of the top choice as a public judgment on issues, but the vote for Representatives, Senators, and Governors should serve as a guide to the country's temper, give us some hint of the future, and color the behavior of the next Administration. Going over the political map, I expect to have items like the following in mind when, pencil in hand and refreshment at my elbow, I tune in on the returns.

New England: Connecticut Democrats, all but forgetting Truman's existence, are concentrating fiercely on making Chester Bowles a Governor. The former Price Administrator is conceded an outside chance of beating the colorless incumbent, James C. Shannon, who hopes to draw some of the labor votes away from Bowles on the basis of having once been counsel to the State Federation of Labor. In effect this race is something of a test of public opinion on price controls. . . . More important than any of the political contests in Massachusetts are the referendums on birth control and anti-labor restrictions. . . . Should early returns show heavily industrial Rhode Island going Republican, you can turn off your radio and wait for the morning paper to tell you about the G. O. P. landslide.

Middle Atlantic: New York, for a change, is one of the dullest spots in the election. With Dewey taken for granted and no race for Senator or Governor, interest centers on a handful of Congressional fights. Coalitions of the Republican, Democratic, and Liberal parties are likely to replace Representative Leo Isacson in the Bronx with Isadore Dollinger, an able state senator with a liberal record, and to thwart Lee Pressman's bid for the Congressional seat of Abraham J. Multer. In both cases the issue is drawn between a Wallace Progressive and a New Deal Democrat. Vito Marcantonio is a good bet to return to Congress in spite of the energetic campaign waged by John Ellis, thirty-five-year-old navy veteran and nominee of the Republican and Liberal parties. The Democratic candidate is a Tammany hack whose role in the campaign is hardly noticeable. Ellis's argument is that East Harlem will have to elect him to get needed improvements "because you can't get a bill anywhere in Congress with the name of Marcantonio on it." Mayor O'Dwyer's indorsement should help his brother Paul, running with Democratic and American Labor Party backing, to defeat Representative Jacob K. Javits, one of the few liberals—albeit a mild one—on the Republican side of the aisle. Last year's local Democratic victory in Buffalo allows a faint hope that young Mary Louise Nice, a fine candidate running with labor and liberal support, will capture a Republican seat in the

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Forty-second Congressional District, and an extremely vigorous campaign has been waged around Syracuse—by a Joint Labor Committee, the A. D. A., and the Democratic Party—on behalf of Richard Mosher, a navy veteran with strong New Deal convictions.

With Wallace candidates in Pennsylvania yielding the field in the few districts where liberal Democrats are running, speculation turns on the pleasant but not too lively possibility that Representative John McDowell of Pittsburgh will be retired to the obscurity out of which he emerged in the Republican sweep of 1946. His Democratic opponent, Harry J. Davenport, has been campaigning on the theme that J. Parnell Thomas's lieutenant is a "screwball" and the Un-American Affairs Committee a "crazy show." . . . New Jersey's heavy registration, especially in the industrial areas, raises the hope that liberal Democrats may capture a pair of Republican seats. In the traditionally Republican Trenton district Charles Howell, who as a state assemblyman introduced Jersey's Fair Employment Practices Act, is making a gallant fight with the vigorous support of the trade unions. The same goes for young Charles S. Joelson, in the Eighth, and Peter Rodino, running for the seat vacated by Representative Hartley, in the Tenth. All three are making the Taft-Hartley act their principal issue.

Border States: Major interest here is in the Senate races, with West Virginia and Kentucky promising to deliver to the Democrats two of the four seats they need to recapture the upper chamber. Truman's successful tour of both states, coupled with Dewey's continued snubbing of Chapman Revercomb, increases the expectation that West Virginia will send Matthew Neely to the Senate and that Kentucky will do the same for Virgil Chapman. With many Kentucky Democrats supporting the more personable John S. Cooper, however, Chapman's chances depend on the Truman plurality. Suspected of Dixiecrat leanings, Chapman is reported to have lost ground recently when Governor Clements privately rebuked him for failing to indorse the Democratic platform. . . . Missouri's Fifth District is likely to make a Congressman of Richard Bolling, formerly vice-chairman of the American Veterans' Committee and an organizer for A. D. A. This Kansas City district is represented by a Republican now, but only because of a feud two years ago among the Democrats, who had previously held it for a generation.

Dixie: Only a Dewey landslide, coupled with greater States' Rights strength than there is reason to believe exists in Tennessee, can keep Estes Kefauver from gracing a seat in the Senate. If he wins, Tennessee can count out two of its least attractive sons—B. Carroll Reece and "Boss" Crump. The state is also worth watching as an index of how far a candidate for Governor—in this case Roy Acuff, Republican nominee and star of radio's Grand Ole Opry—can go solely on the strength of hill-billy music. . . . Texas will be the tip-off on the changing political pattern of the South. The Republicans appear to be strong, and if sufficiently aided by the Dixiecrats may conceivably shock the country by electing a Republican Senator. . . . Virginia and Florida are worth watching for similar developments, although Thurmond is believed to be losing ground as a consequence of having adopted the ranting technique of the Bilbos.

Middle West: In keeping with his unorthodox nature Hubert Humphrey, Minnesota's meteoric candidate for the Senate, appears to be carrying the President on his coat-tails instead of the other way around. In this most important of all senatorial contests, from the liberal point of view, Dewey has swallowed his pride enough to have his lieutenants make an all-out drive for Senator Joseph H. Ball, who opposed him in 1944. For full details on the Humphrey-Ball race and on the chances of Paul Douglas and Adlai Stevenson in Illinois readers are referred to articles by Bradley L. Morison and Robert Lasch elsewhere in this issue. . . . Stevenson, running for Governor, is generally credited with a better chance to defeat Dwight Green, whose state machine is riddled with corruption, than Douglas has to defeat Senator Brooks. The Republican machine at the last moment made a pious effort to get the Progressives on the ballot, a move that should convince even Henry Wallace that, motives aside, he has been buttering some strange bread in the state of Illinois.

Democratic strategists have been making a determined and definitely hopeful effort to elect a Senator, Guy M. Gillette, in Iowa of all places. The Dewey plurality is expected to be heavy, but the Republican incumbent, George A. Wilson, is unpopular and Iowa's cumbersome ballot is easily split. Harold Stassen appears to have cost the Republicans a good many votes in the corn belt by suggesting that his party was not wedded to the program of price supports. . . . The United Automobile Workers in particular and labor in general are doing what can be done to replace Michigan's Senator Homer Ferguson with the liberal Frank Hook and to supplant their egregious Governor, Kim Sigler, with Mennen Williams. Besides being heir to a soap and shaving-cream fortune, Williams happens to be an aggressive liberal. Like Bolling, he has been active both in the A. V. C. and the A. D. A. . . . As in Michigan, the Democrats of Wisconsin are privately figuring in terms of building for the future rather than victory this year, but at least two very good Congressional nominees have reason to be hopeful. Andrew Biemiller, one of the best Representatives to go down in the flood of 1946, has at least an even chance of returning to Washington at the expense of Charles Kersten, a determined labor-

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baiter. In the northern reaches of the state the veteran Dan Hoan is giving Representative O'Konski the first real opposition he has faced in his six reactionary years as a Congressman.

Far West: Four of the most vulnerable seats in the Senate are at stake in this area, three of them now held by Democrats and one by a Republican. In all four—Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, and New Mexico—the odds favor the Democrats, though not by much and with the issue probably to be decided by the size of the Dewey vote. Senator James Murray, who won in 1942 by only 1,200 ballots, faces a stiff battle against a combination of Anaconda Copper, the Montana power trust, and Burt Wheeler, the unforgiving ex-Senator with whom Murray has had a long-standing feud, not to mention his opponent Tom J. Davis, former president of Rotary International. Nevertheless, a big registration and powerful labor support favor Murray. . . . Clinton P. Anderson is pretty sure to dispose of the eccentric Pat Hurley in New Mexico unless Dewey sweeps the state, and Wyoming's extremely popular Governor, Lester C. Hunt, has the advantage over the Republican incumbent, E. V. Robertson, a stiff, ultra-conservative, British-born cattleman. . . . Whether or not "Big Ed" Johnson wins for the Democrats in Colorado will make little difference in the ideological sense, but a big difference to the Democrats in their battle for control of the Senate. The very capable and liberal Representative John A. Carroll is almost sure to be returned to office.

Pacific Coast: Now that the Progressives have thought better about opposing some of the best Representatives in the House, the California election will be interesting primarily as an index of Henry Wallace's strength. Helen Douglas and Chet Holifield are virtually assured of reelection, with Frank Havenner due for somewhat rougher sledding. Details on California as well as the Mountain States are to be found in Carey McWilliams's account elsewhere in these pages. . . . In the Northwest watch for the returns on Henry M. Jackson, the only enlightened Congressman left of what was once a liberal delegation from that region, and on former Senator Hugh Mitchell, now trying for the House seat of Homer Jones, a Republican hack with a dismal record. Progressive candidates are making trouble for both.

* * *

TO ASSURE *Nation* readers the pleasure of showing up a commentator, a right sanctioned by long usage, I rashly predict as follows: Out of an estimated total vote of 55,000,000, Dewey should poll 27,500,000; Truman, 23,500,000; Wallace, 2,250,000; Thurmond, 1,250,000; Thomas, 400,000; scattered, 100,000. Brickbats, if any, should be sent prepaid.

Reserves for the Army

BY THOMAS SANCTON

Washington, October 22

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S message calling for expansion of our military-reserve organizations to "appropriate strength and maximum effectiveness" brought into a high light this week the army's critical lack of trained and organized reserve supporting units.

Ever since the United States adopted a "get-tough" foreign policy it has been an international open secret that the rapid demobilization of the services made our military position extremely vulnerable. Though the army today is in no such hapless state as the "broomstick army" of 1940, the terrific initial striking power which it possesses by virtue of the atomic bomb is not backed up by staying power, which can be provided only by trained reserves. The navy and the air force also have a reserve problem, though it is not so severe as that confronting the army.

Like the soldiers of the ballad, some seven-eighths of the army has "faded away" in the relatively brief period since our military strength reached its peak in the spring of 1945. In May of that year the army, including the Air Corps, had 8,300,000 men in uniform and ninety divisions in the field. On October 1, 1948, the army's enrolment was 635,000 and the new air force's 406,000. Instead of the eighty-nine divisions formerly in combat theaters, the army now has a few divisions at home and in occupation areas maintained at considerably less than combat strength. The department's latest deployment figures, released in April, 1948, were as follows: Far East, 127,000; Europe, 96,000; Trieste, 5,000; Pacific, 9,000; Alaska, 7,000; Caribbean, 14,000; the United States, 284,000.

The draft act of 1948 provides the draft machinery and appropriations for an army of 790,000 regularly enlisted soldiers and 110,000 eighteen-year-old, one-year trainees. This force is intended to furnish the basis for an army of eighteen divisions, six of which will be regular-army units stationed overseas and six regular-army divisions stationed in the United States, while the remaining six will be National Guard divisions under the jurisdiction of their respective states.

The army's personnel experts, using man-power formulas worked out in the last war, estimate that under war-time conditions this eighteen-division force could not possibly be maintained in the field without calling heavily upon the organized reserves for supporting units in many categories, such as medical corps, supply troops, and combat reserves. Moreover, these supporting units would have to be immediately available, which means completely equipped and fully trained. To fulfil this requirement, the reserve corps must be able to provide

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approximately 200,000 trained men in functioning military units.

Reserve specialists say that this is out of the question with the facilities now available. The reserve force is moribund owing to lack of equipment and an active training program for the vast majority of its 800,000 "paper" members. Moreover, the army, counting heavily on reserve personnel for aid in carrying out the reorganization program, faces a critical situation in the fact that a large proportion signed up in 1945 and are now reaching the end of their three-year terms. Critical as are the times, a number of them are dropping out because the corps has not provided them with activity, equipment, or training sufficient to maintain their interest. The timing of the President's message calling for development of the reserve force—made public just before the American Legion convention in Florida—may have seemed political, but reserve leaders say it was intended to spur reserve reenlistments by holding forth the promise of a more active and interesting program in the future.

There are 450,000 enlisted men and 256,000 officers in the reserve, but in many areas the membership is too thinly scattered and the proportion of officers is too large to permit the efficient organization of active units. The bulk of the membership therefore must remain a paper reserve. A plan has been drawn up to organize active units for 313,000 reservists, and these are to be the basis of the supporting units required by the eighteen-division army.

Since the war the reserve organization has managed to exist largely through systematic "scrounging" from the War Assets Administration and even from municipal authorities. It has lacked armory facilities and the equipment necessary for training. Only 5,000,000 square feet of space of an estimated required 30,000,000 are available, and many units have had to train in post-office and public-school buildings. The reserve corps' $52,000,000 budget has gone largely for administrative essentials; it is insufficient to provide the drill pay necessary for an adequate training program. The army hopes to get sizable appropriations from the next Congress with which to build up the reserve and integrate its activities with the needs of the regular army.

Adding up its draft and recruiting figures this week the National Defense Office was forced to the conclusion that the training program for eighteen-year-olds had been a flop. The rate of regular enlistments has remained surprisingly high, and as a consequence draft quotas at present run only from 10,000 to 15,000 a month. But the eighteen-year-olds, who were expected to rush to get into the quota of 161,000 one-year trainees (all services), seem to have decided that the requirement of a six-year reserve enlistment makes the training a poor bargain. They are waiting to take their chances in the nineteen-to-twenty-four draft.

McCormick's Boys Are Worried

BY ROBERT LASCH

Chicago, October 20

MOST political observers long ago wrote down Illinois as a sure Dewey state. Though labor is now showing signs of going to bat for Truman in a big way, Illinois still looks safe for Dewey. Interest tends to center therefore upon the contests for Senator and Governor, in which two willing slaves of Colonel Robert R. McCormick, Senator C. Wayland Brooks and Governor Dwight H. Green, are being given a strenuous run by two exceptionally able Democratic liberals, Paul H. Douglas and Adlai Stevenson. As the campaign goes into its final fortnight, it is clear that Stevenson, running for governor, has the best chance of breaking through the Republican majorities which everybody expects for the national ticket. In Illinois as elsewhere the Wallace third party seems to be fading, partly but not entirely because the Progressives, having been ruled off the ballot except in Cook County, where they won the right to list their local candidates, must rely on write-ins for Wallace and the leaders of their state ticket. Since write-ins cause the invalidation of many ballots as incorrectly marked, large numbers of Chicago Wallaceites may pass up the opportunity so that their party will be sure of receiving enough votes to qualify for future elections.

Democratic hopes hinge on labor's ability to turn out in force and on a faint possibility of some disaffection among downstate farmers. In his speech at Springfield President Truman bore down on the fact that though the Republican Eightieth Congress passed a stop-gap program for farm-price support, it renewed the charter of the Commodity Credit Corporation in such terms as to restrict its authority to supply non-commercial storage for grains put under loan. Without approved storage a farmer cannot collect the government loan at support prices. If a great many Middle Western farmers this

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fall had to dump their bumper corn crop on the market, the price might drop well below the loan level. Democrats hope that the threat of one-dollar corn will react in their favor.

While there is a fine irony in the idea of one-dollar corn inducing the farmers to vote Democratic for the first time since they voted Democratic over ten-cent corn, it offers but a slender reed of hope to lean on in Illinois. Two weeks before election all the straw votes show the Dewey strength downstate continuing. What is more, they show the Democratic machine in Chicago greatly weakened. In 1944 Roosevelt, losing downstate by 210,000, won Cook County by 350,000. It is certain that the Kelly-less Kelly machine cannot deliver anything like that margin this year. The dread thought has crossed some minds that the Republicans may carry Cook County for the first time since Hoover.

Jake Arvey, Kelly's heir as Cook County boss, was one of the original promoters of the Dump-Truman-Nominate-Eisenhower movement. This does not mean that Arvey is slacking on the job of trying to elect Truman. He is going along in characteristic good-soldier fashion. But the circumstances which induced Arvey to essay the Eisenhower flier are now limiting the machine's ability to turn out a big vote for Truman.

Apparently Truman's civil-rights program is holding the Negro wards in line. But Truman is weaker than Roosevelt was in the Jewish West Side districts. The Poles, who stuck with Roosevelt in 1944—before Yalta—show definite signs of a switch to Dewey. Above all, Arvey's boys are finding it difficult to carry with them the middle-class independents all over the city who joyously helped build the great F. D. R. majorities. Wallace appears to be a minor factor. The polls show his write-in strength at 3 to 6 per cent.

THERE are local complications, too. Eighteen months ago Arvey persuaded the machine to run for mayor Martin H. Kennelly, a business man of spotless reputation and notable antipathy to the lower forms of ward-heeling. Mayor Kennelly has not exactly smashed the machine that nominated him; he still puts in a fatherly appearance at its meetings, accepts its honors and public affection, continually urges it to be good. But things are not the same since Kennelly has been in the City Hall. There has been a gradual tightening up on the patronage which induces precinct captains to do or die. The cynics are not thinking only of Kennelly's conservative, business-man views when they say he may prove to be the best Republican mayor the Democrats ever elected.

The machine's strange phase of sacrificial self-reform which began with the nomination of Kennelly was carried a step farther this year when Arvey maneuvered the nomination of Stevenson for Governor and Douglas for Senator. Kelly wouldn't have Douglas in 1942; the liberal University of Chicago professor of economics had to fight the organization in the primary and lost. Now he is the darling of the precincts. As an unashamed New Dealer, he is making a great fight against Curly Brooks.

Early in the summer Douglas folded himself into a jeep station wagon and started touring the state. He has been on the go ever since, preaching the straight New Deal gospel in domestic policy and a militant, pro-Marshall Plan, stop-the-Russians foreign policy. When Brooks disdained to debate with him—as Douglas disdained to debate with the Progressive candidate—Douglas cast his speeches in the form of a colloquy with an empty chair, representing the absent Senator. He hammered steadily at Brooks's pre-war isolationism and at his post-war version of the same attitude. He wanted to know why Brooks, after running against Stalin in so many flag-waving campaigns, now declined to vote for military and economic policies designed to stop Communist expansion. He argued that Brooks was wrong in opposing the draft to stop Hitler and now must be wrong in opposing the draft to stop Stalin.

This kind of campaigning brought Douglas no friends on the extreme left, which has always distrusted him. He was conspicuous among the candidates whom the Wallace party did *not* withdraw its opposition to. Officially, the explanation was that Douglas had attacked Wallace and the third party too bitterly. To the Progressives he was a dangerous imperialist and red-baiter. Curtis MacDougall, professor of journalism at Northwestern University, continued to campaign as the Progressive Party candidate even after he was denied a place on the ballot.

Brooks's strategy was to ignore the left's deep animosity toward Douglas and resort to the well-worn tactics of the red smear. He sent Representative Fred Busbey, former member of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, to paint Douglas as a dangerous red throughout the state. Busbey dragged out Douglas's old speeches and fragmentary quotes from his writings to show his one-time sympathy for a rather mild socialism and a third party. This was too much even for the Chicago *Tribune*. It dismissed the red smear as nonsense, adding that Douglas's only trouble was that he never grew up. Both the *Tribune* and Brooks seem to be serenely confident that the Dewey tide will carry Brooks along to victory. When Douglas points out that Brooks stands for everything in foreign policy that Dewey doesn't stand for and suggests that Dewey internationalists should vote against Brooks, nobody seems to be listening.

In 1942 Brooks lost Cook County by 112,000 and won downstate by 215,000. In 1944 Senator Scott Lucas, Democrat, lost downstate by 144,000, and his middle-of-the-road philosophy was undoubtedly more palatable on the farms and in the small towns than is Douglas's ag-

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gressive economic liberalism. It will be a major miracle therefore if Douglas can win enough votes in Chicago to offset the lead Brooks expects downstate.

THE Democrats' hope of capturing the governorship is based on Adlai Stevenson's apparent downstate strength. The grandson of Cleveland's vice-president, Stevenson is a lawyer of distinction. He served as assistant to Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox, helped Stettinius manage the San Francisco U. N. conference, and was a member of the United States delegation to the first session of the U. N. General Assembly. This is his first campaign for public office. The Democratic organization picked him for the same reasons it had picked Kennelly for mayor: because he was eminently "clean," owed the machine nothing, had character and intelligence, and could appeal to independent and borderline Republican votes.

Stevenson has been appealing to Republicans so successfully that he may cut heavily into Governor Green's downstate majority. In 1944 Green came to Cook County with a 263,000 lead, which shook down to 72,000 in the final reckoning. Today he is a rather tarnished ex-boy wonder. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* waging a lonely crusade without much help from the more blasé Chicago press, has brought to light tie-ups between organized crime and the state Republican machine. Its exposé of bribery and corruption at Peoria has resulted in grand-jury indictments against local law-enforcement officials, based on the testimony of gamblers as to solicited payoffs. The newspaper has charged that the payoff reaches right into the Statehouse, and no effective reply has been offered. Violence is rife. Three weeks before election the Republican candidate for clerk of the Circuit Court in Cook County was hacked to death in the Loop at midnight. He had managed the campaign of Cook County's Republican sheriff and was a power in the Green organization. At his funeral state highway police as well as county police were present to protect the privacy of the motley mourners from newspaper photographers.

All this, plus Green's record of presiding over a greedy Statehouse gang as bad as anything the Democrats ever produced in Chicago's City Hall, is playing into Stevenson's hands. Though Stevenson did his duty by paying a visit to Truman's campaign train and makes no effort to conceal his Democratic background and loyalties, he is concentrating on state issues—on the political corruption of mine inspection as revealed in the Centralia disaster, on the debauching of civil service during Green's eight years, on the suspiciously inflated cost of road-building and state institutions, and on the failure of the state to share its swollen revenues with hard-pressed municipalities and school districts. If he can reduce Green's downstate majority significantly and doesn't get his own throat cut in Chicago, Stevenson may save something from the Democratic wreck.

The Amazing Mr. Humphrey

BY BRADLEY L. MORISON

Minneapolis, October 22

SENATOR JOSEPH H. BALL is fighting desperately for political survival in Minnesota this fall. His challenger is Hubert H. Humphrey, Jr., the thirty-seven-year-old mayor of Minneapolis, who aroused the Democratic convention in Philadelphia last summer with an impassioned plea for a strong civil-rights plank in the platform. Humphrey is the kingpin in Minnesota's Democratic–Farmer-Labor Party. He is probably the nearest thing to a liberal meteor this state has seen since Floyd S. Olson flashed across its political sky in the thirties. No campaign in memory has equaled the intensity of Humphrey's circusy, sound-truck sweep through the state.

Humphrey likes to consider himself the spiritual heir of Franklin D. Roosevelt in Minnesota. The Chicago *Tribune* refers to him as a "panting liberal." Statewide polls have indicated that he will beat Ball handily on November 2. If he does, it will be a one-man miracle, wrought in defiance of all the political laws and probabilities.

Minnesota is normally a Republican state, and Humphrey is breasting a strong Republican tide this year. While some polls favor Truman by a hairline, Dewey is generally expected to win the state. The Republican governor, Luther Youngdahl, is a heavy favorite, and the state's delegation in the lower house of Congress, now Republican eight to one, will probably maintain that ratio. Although Minnesota gave Roosevelt its electoral vote four times, it has consistently elected Republican governors since 1938.

Humphrey is counting on the state's large bloc of independent voters to give him the victory. The metropolitan newspapers are supporting Ball, and the rural press is predominantly anti-Humphrey. The powerful Republican state organization has been throwing all its

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weight behind Ball, and both Dewey and Warren thumped the tom-toms for him on their October visit. To make matters worse for Humphrey, his own party has been torn by serious dissensions between the left- and right-wingers. The leftists, led by former Governor Elmer Benson, have been driven from the Democratic–Farmer-Labor Party into Wallace's Progressive Party, and the wounds suffered in the fighting have done Humphrey no good.

THE battle between Humphrey and Ball provides a strange contrast in personalities. Humphrey is brash, impulsive, gabby, and gregarious. Ball is blunt, methodical, slow-moving, and reserved. Humphrey is the darling of the labor unions. Ball is the hero of the groups that favor the Taft-Hartley act. Humphrey is partly responsible for a strong FEPC ordinance passed by the City Council under his administration. Ball prefers to wait upon the slower processes of education for such reforms.

When Ball addressed a state convention of the Townsendites at Redwood Falls, Minnesota, a few years ago, he enraged them by assailing the Townsend plan as impractical and uneconomic. When Humphrey spoke at a Townsend Club meeting in Minneapolis, he took time out of a busy schedule to dance with several delighted old ladies. These incidents are characteristic of the two men. Many persons think that it would be to Ball's advantage if he would dance occasionally with the Townsend Club ladies, and that Humphrey could profit by running head-on more often into an unpopular issue. Ball's friends praise his independence and courage. Others refer to him as stubborn and headstrong. But nearly everyone will admit that Joe Ball has guts, and that he is pretty much the boss of his own conscience. As a matter of fact, if he were not so independent, he might still enjoy the unqualified blessing of former Governor Harold E. Stassen.

Stassen appointed Ball to the Senate in October, 1940, to fill the seat left vacant when Ernest Lundeen was killed in a plane crash. Their friendship began to cool in the 1944 Presidential campaign after Ball suddenly switched his allegiance from Dewey to Roosevelt and rocked the Republican organization back on its heels with his spunky show of independence. Later the breach between Stassen and Ball widened over labor issues. Today the two men are ostensibly friends, but the chilliness of their political relationship is obvious. Stassen put himself behind Ball's candidacy this fall in a formal statement that probably set an all-time high for unenthusiasm. The Stassen influence, however, is beginning to wane in Minnesota, and a spirited revolt against what his enemies call "meddling" and "Stassen dictatorship" is beginning to take shape.

In a second indorsement of Ball, Stassen made the extraordinary statement that Humphrey had been "a failure as mayor of Minneapolis." How he happened to blunder into such a strange distortion of the truth is a mystery that still perplexes many of his friends. The fact is that Humphrey is one of the best mayors Minneapolis ever had, as hundreds of Stassenites would admit. Minneapolis has a "weak mayor" type of city charter, but within the limitations of his office Humphrey has performed with real distinction. His most notable achievement has been in the field of law enforcement, where he has really had authority to act. He cleaned up a bad crime situation and drove out the racketeers simply by hewing to the line of honest and impartial enforcement.

Humphrey has worked long and successfully in the field of human relations. He created a council on human relations early in his first term and has led a vigorous campaign against prejudice and discrimination in a city where much spadework needed to be done. Those who had observed that leadership closely were not surprised when Humphrey spearheaded the fight from the floor of the national convention for a strong civil-rights plank. Humphrey may have acted unwisely from a party point of view, but his plea "to get out of the shadow of states' rights and walk forthrightly in the bright sunshine of human rights" came directly from the heart. For Humphrey's part in the convention he was branded by Columnist Frank Kent as a "bumptious, bungling young man," but Mrs. Roosevelt thought that he "might infuse new life into a Congress that certainly needed it."

BALL'S political philosophy is much farther to the right than Humphrey's, but those who sneer at him as the "messenger boy of the National Association of Manufacturers" do not know his rugged independence and integrity. It took courage for him to declare for Roosevelt in 1944; at the time it seemed like political suicide. And Ball showed vision and leadership back in 1943 when he was joint sponsor of the Ball-Burton-Hatch-Hill resolution for peace. It is unfair to dismiss him either as a black, labor-baiting reactionary or as a dark-age isolationist. Nevertheless, he voted against the Marshall Plan, and he was one of the authors of the Taft-Hartley act. On both these counts he is vulnerable so far as large groups of voters are concerned.

Ball considers the Taft-Hartley law one of the two major issues in the campaign. He argues for it skilfully and has boldly invaded the union halls to defend his position. Humphrey has called for repeal of the act, but he places more emphasis on foreign policy. Ball thinks "the return of the OPA," which he opposes, is the other major issue. Humphrey laughs at this. Without favoring a restoration of the elaborate war-time mechanism of price controls, he urges a selective program of control of items in short supply.

Believing that foreign policy is the dominant issue,

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Humphrey centers his attacks on Ball's vote against the Marshall Plan. While Ball, in the opinion of the Chicago *Tribune*, has "lost a good deal of his former undiscriminating zeal to save the world," that zeal still glows white-hot in Hubert Humphrey's breast. Ball is an internationalist who has acquired a thick hide of cynicism through the years. He opposed the European recovery program, he said, because (1) it was "based on the false premise that communism is an economic problem," and (2) he believed that it was "committing our economy to a greater load than it could bear." Ball would like to kick Russia out of the United Nations; Humphrey would prefer to work with Russia within the framework of the U. N. After E. R. P. had been approved, Ball voted for the full appropriations in order to uphold American prestige, but he has gone a good distance toward the camp of the neo-isolationists since he championed the Ball-Burton-Hatch-Hill resolution five years ago.

Ball has offered to debate with Humphrey on the Taft-Hartley law and price controls. Humphrey scoffs at such a narrow restriction of the issues and would like to slug it out with Ball on farm policy, REA, the taxation of cooperatives, veterans' legislation, and a number of other topics. Ball has cagily avoided such a free-for-all. He would be no match for Humphrey in a debate where no rhetorical holds were barred.

Humphrey considers himself a New Deal liberal. Ball's thinking in many respects parallels that of Senator Taft. Ball says, "You will never find a liberal, according to my definition, talking about the 'masses' or the 'common man.' To my kind of liberal, every individual is very uncommon." Humphrey, however, will talk about the common man at the drop of a hat.

In the primary Humphrey defeated James Shields nine to one. Shields is a Progressive who was regional director of the NLRB. The original plan was to have Elmer Benson file against Humphrey by petition after Shields was defeated in the primary, but this threat failed to materialize. Benson pleaded ill health, and the Progressives decided that they did not want to contribute to a Ball victory by putting a candidate in the field. They made it plain, however, that it was simply a case of hating Humphrey less than they hated Ball. In California Henry Wallace said that he hoped Humphrey would be elected. A few days later, after proper coaching in Minneapolis, he refused to indorse the Mayor but remarked naively that he hoped Ball would be defeated.

In the middle of October Governor Warren, Governor Dewey, and President Truman all entered Minnesota within five days to throw their weight around in the Ball-Humphrey fight. Warren pleaded for Ball's reelection at every train stop. Dewey, whom Ball had opposed in 1944, magnanimously announced that he was "100 per cent" for him. Truman assailed Ball as a "champion of reaction" and beamed on Humphrey's candidacy.

It is a matter of history that no Minneapolis mayor has ever advanced to a major political office. But the young man with the Phi Beta Kappa key who eloquently speaks the language of labor may smash that tradition. Most Minnesotans would admit that there has never been a mayor of Minneapolis like him. And the odds, as the day of decision approaches, seem definitely on his side.

How Far Will the Pendulum Swing?

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

Los Angeles, October 18

IN THE states of California, Colorado, Wyoming, and New Mexico about the only question is : How far to the right will the pendulum swing? Recent polls have shown Truman trailing Dewey by 3 per cent in Colorado and by 5 per cent in California, while Dewey has a still wider margin in Wyoming and New Mexico. Since June 1 the Wallace vote has been reduced by one-half in Colorado, according to a recent statewide poll, and it has also greatly shrunk in California. I would not be surprised if the vote for the Dewey-Warren ticket in California were larger than the combined vote for Truman and Wallace.

CAREY McWILLIAMS, a staff contributor, has long been a close observer of the political scene in California.

The question of what can be salvaged from the débâcle depends on how far the pendulum swings. In Wyoming Governor Lester C. Hunt, a popular Democrat, would ordinarily be accorded an excellent chance to defeat Senator E. V. Robertson. One of the few millionaires in the Senate, Robertson is a cold character with a British accent whose main qualification for public office, by general agreement, is that he "looks like a Senator." But the size of Dewey's certain majority will naturally work against Hunt. Also, should Governor Hunt be elected, a Republican would succeed him, and control of considerable patronage would pass to the Republicans. In addition, the Republicans are stressing the point that Wyoming should not be represented by two Democrats in the Senate when the Administration will be controlled by the Republicans. Despite these handicaps, Hunt should win by a narrow margin.

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The senatorial battle in New Mexico has been characterized by much mud-slinging, fantastic irrelevancies, and a great deal of the complicated in-fighting for which the state is famous. The Republican candidate, Patrick J. Hurley, has devoted most of his time and energy to pinning the label of "millionaire" on Clinton P. Anderson, who has taken up the challenge by leveling the same accusation at Hurley. A curious factor in this hotly contested election is the prolonged and painful silence of Senator Dennis Chavez, the Democratic incumbent. Friends of the Senator say that he is too ill to take part in the campaign, but his silence is certainly audible. An interloper in New Mexico politics, Hurley has not improved his chances by making "the Chinese situation" a central issue. As one New Mexico political leader put it to me: "If we had a few more Chinese in New Mexico, Hurley would surely be defeated."

At the beginning of the campaign the Hurley forces seem to have given covert aid to the Progressive Party on the assumption that it would draw votes from Anderson. Somewhat later the Democrats seem to have adopted the same strategy on the assumption that Brijido Garcia Provencio, the Progressive nominee, would draw Spanish-speaking votes from Hurley. Thus the third party, weakened by defections, has received windfalls from both major parties. The Republicans have a popular candidate for Governor in Manuel Luhan, a fact which may bolster Hurley's chances somewhat. However, Anderson should be elected unless the pendulum swings surprisingly far.

Two liberal Democratic nominees seem assured of election in Colorado—Representative John Carroll and Governor W. Lee Knous. Senator Ed Johnson, a combination Republican-Democrat, isolationist-interventionist, has been bitterly attacked by the Denver *Post* and has received, and disavowed, the embarrassing indorsement of Gerald L. K. Smith, but his wide circle of acquaintances and his ability to draw from both parties seem to assure him a third term.

A BIZARRE situation has been created in California by the last-minute support offered by the third party to Franck R. Havenner, Mrs. Helen Gahagan Douglas, Chet Holifield, and Clint McKinnon—all liberal Democratic candidates for reelection to Congress. The "withdrawal" of their Progressive Party opponents—whose names, however, will still appear on the ballot—has unquestionably improved the chances of the four Democrats, but they have characterized the Progressive support as "unsolicited and unwelcome." In a clumsy effort to rationalize the switch the third party has tried to draw a distinction between "support" and "indorsement." Actually there was never the slightest justification for the Progressives' refusal to support these candidates, and nothing has happened between the primaries and the present time to explain this sudden about-face. To be consistent, the party should withdraw its candidate against Clyde Doyle, whose record in Congress stands comparison with that of Holifield and Mrs. Douglas.

The large registration in California may help these liberals. Registration for the June primary was above 4,600,000. It is currently estimated that 80 per cent of these voters will go to the polls on November 2. The registration for Los Angeles County is 2,122,853, a 19 per cent increase over 1944. It would seem, therefore, that Chet Holifield and Mrs. Douglas are certain to win and that Havenner, McKinnon, and Ned Healey have a fair chance. Representative Harry Sheppard, never much of a liberal, is likely to be defeated in the Twenty-first District. Former Representative Ellis E. Patterson, seeking election in the Sixteenth District as the nominee of the Democrats and the Progressives, created quite a furor by his recent indorsement of President Truman. This must be put down, of course, as one of the minor ironies of the campaign, for Mr. Patterson has been quite a figure in third-party circles.

The Republicans are pouring thousands of dollars into the Fourteenth District in an effort to defeat Mrs. Douglas. From a rough count of billboards I am convinced that they are spending four times as much in this district as in other Congressional districts in Southern California. While Messrs. Dewey and Warren adopt a holier-than-thou attitude, preaching "unity" and "goodwill," Mrs. Douglas's opponents are not above using some curious organizations to defeat her. Since the early thirties one James M. Mellon has headed an organization known as Jeffersonian Democrats. The curious thing about this group is that they have never been known to support a Democrat. But they put up the money to force a recount of the primary vote in the Fourteenth District.

Needless to say, Mr. Mellon and his office staff make up the membership of the Jeffersonian Democrats. On the list of "national sponsors" one notes the names of J. E. McDonald, Commissioner of Agriculture in Texas, and Gleason L. Archer of Suffolk University. Archer is on the board of Frank Gannett's Committee for Constitutional Government and served as chairman of the American Democratic National Committee, an anti-Roosevelt "front" organization. McDonald is on the national council of American Action, Inc. The Jeffersonian Democrat, Mellon, collected and claimed to have spent the tidy sum of $800,430 in the 1944 campaign in California. Judging by the amount of radio time purchased by Mellon this year, most of which has been used to smear Mrs. Douglas—with references, among other things, to the ancestry of her husband—business must be even better this year than in 1944. This is certainly one organization whose fund-collecting activities and bookkeeping should be subjected to a thorough scrutiny by the Department of Justice.

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Is Southeast Asia Going Red?

BY ANDREW ROTH

Singapore, October

"RED plots" and "Communist time-tables" are at present the most salable journalistic commodities exported from Southeast Asia. A considerable amount of authentic material about Communist revolts can of course be gathered in Burma, Malaya, and Indonesia. The increasing coordination among the various Communist movements and their connection with the Soviet Union can also be reliably reported. But even the British intelligence service, by far the most efficient in this part of the world, has not been able to find the "Southeast Asia Cominform" of which so many veteran newspapermen like to talk. British diplomats in the area realize that the Communists are only a small though extremely active group in the mounting nationalist movement. They also see that if the Communists are to be kept from dominating the movement a compromise with the moderate nationalists must be reached. They are therefore careful to refrain from packaging all the turbulence in the area—nationalism, gangsterism, and political feuds, as well as communism—in the same red paper and ticketing it "Made in Moscow."

The French and Dutch authorities, however, seem to be under the impression that if they sell enough of this mislabeled commodity they can save themselves from political bankruptcy in Southeast Asia. The French have been doing it the longest. When I was in Indo-China last November, the government-subsidized Agence France Presse came through with a story from Hongkong that an "Asiatic Cominform" was being set up in Harbin. Several days later thirteen Viet-Namese newspapers were shut down in Saigon for "following instructions from the Asiatic Cominform."

In an interview the next day with General Nguyen van Xuan, who then headed the Cochin-China puppet regime, I asked what evidence he had that this Cominform had actually been set up and that the suppressed newspapers had been obeying its instructions. He laughingly admitted that the charge was solely for public consumption and that he had closed down the papers on the order of the French commanding general, who didn't like their nationalist tone.

In smearing the Viet-Nam Republic as a Communist set-up, the French can point out that its President, Ho Chi-minh, finished his course in Moscow after doing his undergraduate work in communism in France. However, the Viet-Namese Republic, unlike the insurgent movement in Malaya, is very far from being purely Communist. Conservative sources estimate that it has the support of more than 85 per cent of the population. Privately, French political experts admit that only 20 per cent of these are pro-Communist; neutral observers rate the percentage even lower. A senior American diplomat with recent experience in Indo-China believes the number of "real Communists" there to be between two and three thousand.

THE establishment of a "huge" Soviet embassy in Bangkok has provided much of the raw material for recent scare stories. It is true that nearly fifty Soviet citizens are listed as members of the staff, but a close scrutiny reveals that this number includes wives, children, and servants. British and American officials in the area are confident that the Bangkok embassy's main function is to serve as a listening and propaganda post. They believe that it probably has a secret-intelligence section like most embassies, but that it will need at least a year to get a subversive-activities section going.

It is interesting to note that the Associated Press story on the Soviets' Bangkok embassy did not come from either of its two best-qualified correspondents. A. P.'s regular Bangkok correspondent is Alexander MacDonald, an experienced journalist who is also publisher of the Bangkok *Post* and has excellent sources. But he did not write the story. Nor did Stanley Swinton, the able and energetic young chief of A. P.'s Southeast Asia bureau, who two months ago went up to Bangkok to get the story but concluded the embassy was primarily a listening post. According to my informant in Bangkok, the scare story was written by an A. P. man from Manila who got a free round trip to Bangkok on a plane and apparently felt he had to justify the junket by writing something good.

When I was in Bangkok early this year, there were virtually no Siamese Communists and the Chinese Communists were not very active. But now all that has changed—if one is to believe various correspondents writing from a distance. Daniel Schorr cabled the *Christian Science Monitor*—from Batavia—that there was a great upsurge of Communist activity in Bangkok. When questioned, he admitted that his information came from a young Coca-Cola representative he met at the K. L. M. hotel fifteen miles outside Bangkok, where he stopped for one night en route from Amsterdam to

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Batavia. Robert Trumbull cabled the New York *Times* about the Cominform being set up in Bangkok—from New Delhi. Tillman Durdin of the same paper, who was on the spot, searched Bangkok unsuccessfully for confirmation of its existence.

The main beneficiary of this depiction of Bangkok as a new "red citadel" has been the wily Premier, Marshal Pibul Songgram, who worked for the Axis for a decade and now is glad to take his stand with Southeast Asia's intrenched anti-Communists. When Marshal Pibul had trouble with the oppressed Malay minority in the South, he sent some Siamese army detachments down there theoretically to "suppress the Communists," but actually to do a number of other things as well. He is helped in spreading red-scare stories by the fact that the Reuters man in Bangkok, who during the war was a propagandist for Japan's ally, Subhas Chandra Bose, is his close friend. Six months ago the British, knowing Pibul's anti-British and pro-Japanese record, were disturbed by his full-fledged comeback. Now they think it would be dangerous to replace such a pillar of conservatism.

THE Communist label on Indonesian nationalism was also applied from a distance. Just before the recent uprising Reuters carried a long story about how Mas Alimin, the Indonesian Communist leader, was the nationalist movement's dominant figure. But the story was not written by the Reuters man in Batavia, Graham Jenkins, who has been there almost three years and is conceded to be the best-informed newspaperman in Java. It was picked up in London from the Dutch news agency, which apparently repeated verbatim all the misinformation passed on to it by Dutch officials anxious to have an excuse for not coming to an agreement with the republic. One of the story's glaring factual errors was the assertion that Alimin was Soviet ambassador in the Malayan capital of Kuala Lumpur in 1942. In the first place the Soviets did not have an ambassador in Malaya at that time; and in the second place the Japanese would hardly have received a well-known Indonesian Communist when the Communists formed most of the anti-Japanese underground in Malaya. Another error, which would never have been made by the Reuters man on the spot, was the gross distortion of Communist influence in the Republican government. The story spoke of the "Communist leanings" of President Soekarno, Premier Hatta, and A. K. Gani, all of whom are conspicuous for the middle-class character of their nationalism. This was particularly silly because Premier Hatta had just ordered a Communist-inspired strike to be broken by the use of troops.

The recent uprising of the Indonesian Communists at Madiun has demonstrated how weak they are when they are isolated from the rest of the nationalist movement and in revolt against it. Despite Dutch propaganda claims, they never have been a dominant factor in the Indonesian nationalist movement, although when they followed a policy of legal and loyal left opposition, they wielded considerable influence.

In the three years since the establishment of the republic it has become clear that most of its small minority of educated people are leftists of some sort. But the largest section of the nationalist movement, representing about half of its popular following, has always been in the hands of the right-wing Moslem party, Masjumi. Probably a quarter of the nationalists are followers of Soekarno and Hatta, who are centrist and moderate. The leftists control only the remaining quarter, but this section of the movement, until it split last winter, played a leading and at times a dominant role. When Sharifuddin and Shahrir were together in the unified Republican Socialist Party, they commanded the support of the republic's best brains. The energetic Presindo, of the Socialist Youth Corps, and Sobsi, of the Indonesian Labor Federation, were associated with them. The left was then unified, the Communist Party and the Labor Party being elements in the Socialist-led popular front.

Shahrir pulled out largely because he felt Sharifuddin was overemphasizing the independent role of the left wing in the nationalist movement and because Sharifuddin did not believe that Indonesia, with India and other powers in the area, could become a "third force" between the Soviets and the United States. Sharifuddin kept the support of the bulk of the Socialist Party, his left-opposition appeal being strengthened by the rising political and economic discontent.

But Sharifuddin and the left wing appear to have been shattered by trying to adopt a pace set from outside. The September revolt in Madiun, like the June revolt in Malaya and the April revolt in Burma, apparently adhered to a time-table for Southeast Asia set up in Calcutta in March at the conference of the Indian Communist Party. The Indonesian Communists were not prepared to stage an effective uprising and were not even able to carry with them the Communist groups in Sumatra. It is reasonable to assume that the revolt had at least the approval of Moscow. Muso, the Indonesian Communist who returned to the Islands in August after many years in Moscow, immediately assailed Sharifuddin for being too "reformist" and demanded a tougher policy. Thirty-seven days after he landed in Indonesia Muso was proclaimed President of the abortive Madiun Communist Republic, with Sharifuddin as Premier. The chief result of these tactics in Indonesia has been to splinter the left and discredit and isolate the Communist sector of it.

Although the Communists in Indonesia and Malaya have made major mistakes in judgment, their stupidity may still be exceeded in Washington and The Hague. The Communist revolt has shown that the Soekarno-

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Hatta group is anti-Communist and able to control its own territory fairly well. Unless the Dutch, urged on by the United States and Britain, quickly offer these moderates acceptable terms, the Communists will have lost a battle but be in an excellent position to win the campaign.

U. N. and the Networks

BY ARTHUR D. MORSE

THE week of October 17-24 was celebrated as United Nations Week. Previously the U. N. had received very little attention from American networks. Radio had reported "crisis" news on the conflicts and tensions in the U. N. but had usually overlooked the constructive work of the specialized agencies. The programs presented last week by NBC in cooperation with the American Association for the United Nations were therefore very welcome.

Commendable as this effort was, NBC is only one network, and the new emphasis lasted for only one week. Continued activity by all the networks is necessary to develop the informed public opinion that is a prerequisite for a successful U. N. But if the networks have lagged, independent stations have shown considerably more interest: 900 recently requested more program material from the Radio Division of the U. N.'s Department of Public Information, and 120 already carry the division's "The United Nations Today" five times a week. This review of U. N. activities, with recorded extracts from meetings, is a Peabody Award winner and can be heard in New York City over WQXR (Tuesday to Saturday, 11:30 a.m.) and WMCA (Monday to Friday, 10:45 p.m.).

The U. N. Radio Division has done an impressive job. It provides service for national broadcasting systems and individual stations but does not compete with them or attempt to dictate their programming. Its staff believes that once broadcasters become aware that peace is the American people's chief concern, network radio will pay more attention to the U. N. At present U. N. broadcasts are in twenty-four languages, including Persian, Hebrew, Arabic, Pushtu, Tagalog, Amharic, Hindustani, and Urdu. Fan mail has come from sixty countries.

"Iron curtains" have been penetrated by the Radio Division's language sections, which broadcast, for example, a half-hour program to Russia six days a week. This consists of news, reports of meetings of principal U. N. bodies, and background talks. Fan mail indicates a considerable audience, and at the request of the Moscow radio a stronger signal is being provided.

Forty-eight countries are now relaying U. N. programs, and correspondents and delegates use U. N. facilities to broadcast to the people back home. These reports are not censored, but any outbursts of nationalism are offset by the accompanying factual news bulletins.

Great as are the achievements of the Radio Division, some basic problems remain unsolved. The U. N. does not have its own transmitters, and while the State Department's Voice of America, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, and the United States World Wide Broadcasting Foundation have been generous in permitting use of their facilities, this dependence has been a great handicap. Broadcasts to some areas are technically impossible; transmitters are not always available at the best broadcasting or listening time; long-range planning is difficult because the use of their facilities by the United States and Canada varies, and the U. N. is not guaranteed access to them in an emergency.

Two years ago the General Assembly decided that the U. N. should have its own broadcasting stations, but lack of funds has prevented action. Only $2,500,000 is needed, and an attempt to get the appropriation will be made at Paris, but as an observer at Lake Success ruefully noted, "The U. N. may be blocked by countries which spend ten times as much on their own propaganda." It will be interesting to note who furnishes the opposition to the request.

Problems of nationalism and network conventions constantly plague the pioneers in international broadcasting. The BBC refused to air "Between the Dark and the Daylight," an outstanding production, because it was "too American." American networks declined the BBC's "No Other Road," a brilliant and moving documentary by Louis MacNeice, and it was broadcast only over WOR, New York. The trouble with "No Other Road" was not that it was too British, but too good.

With the exception of news broadcasts, the only regularly scheduled network programs dealing with the U. N. are the Radio Division's "Memo from Lake Success" (CBS, Saturday, 5:15 p. m., except WCBS, Sunday, 8:45 a. m.), "Mr. and Mrs. America View the United Nations" (NBC, Saturday, 5:30 p.m.), and "The U. N. in Action" (CBS, Sunday, 11:15 p.m.). CBS also has a telecast, "U. N. Case Book" (Sunday, 6:45 p.m.).

There is obviously a great need for American network programs which would relate the U. N. to the everyday lives of ordinary people. One reason this is not being done is seen in the attitude of Milton Burgh, director of news for the Mutual Broadcasting System. When I asked Mr. Burgh whether Mutual was contemplating any U. N. programs, he countered with, "What are they doing in Russia?" After further remarks about the ineffectiveness of the U. N. he said that Mutual was not planning any special U. N. broadcasts. Mr. Burgh's negative approach is in the Mutual tradition and may partially explain its low standard of programming.

[*This is the third article in a series on radio by Mr. Morse.*]

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

FAULKNER IN CRISIS

BY PAOLO MILANO

FOR twenty years William Faulkner's art has been heading toward a fundamental crisis, which has now broken out in his first novel in eight years—"Intruder in the Dust" (Random House, $3).

To approach the problem from its exterior aspect, the Janus-head of Faulkner's reputation: since "Sanctuary," at least, there have clearly been two writers by the name of William Faulkner. One is an American regionalist, the hermit leader of a new school in Southern fiction and the dissident heir of a tradition. The other is almost a "European" writer, a master of the metaphysical novel in whose work his Continental admirers see a reflection, not of the South, of which they know little or nothing, but of American life at large, at its most "modern" and crudest. To an American a Faulkner novel presumably means Southern aristocrats, poor whites, Negroes *in extremis*—and a rhetoric now powerful, now dubious. For a European the same novel is a "note from the underground" of *industrial* America—which he spontaneously associates with the notes that come out of Hemingway's bars and Dos Passos's urban purgatories; in the doom of Faulkner's characters he recognizes the work of a most contemporary form of "fate."

Compare Malcolm Cowley's Introduction to "The Portable Faulkner" with Jean-Paul Sartre's essays on "Sartoris" and The Sense of Time in Faulkner. For Cowley Faulkner's work is the saga of a Mississippi kingdom, Yoknapatawpha County. Sartre would not even know the name. His analysis is disembodied—a study of a mind. For him the main theme of Faulkner's art is a sense of man's disloyalty to himself, and its aim—through all its distorted time sequences and labyrinthine inner monologues—is not so much to express as to hide certain feelings. Sartre also points out that in Faulkner's novels nothing is ever present—everything, all the time, having just happened. Each event sinks into its past just before it really emerges, "as the road does for a backward-looking rider in an open car." Since the dimension called the future hardly exists for Faulkner's characters, Sartre calls him a "beheader of time."

Special as this view may be, Sartre is right to claim that up to now the Faulkner hero has been held in a limbo of impending recollections and irrepressible outbursts, in which no moral distinction was truly possible, to say nothing of moral action. In "Intruder in the Dust" Faulkner has decided to remove precisely this obstacle. He has tried to make a choice between good and evil possible within the nightmare life of his characters, and without abating the tenseness of their vision. He has also attempted something equally new for him—to approach a social theme *directly*. This is what I mean by Faulkner's crisis, an urge to provide his fables explicitly with a moral and a social dimension.

A sixteen-year-old white boy, Chick Allison, sets out to save from lynching an old Negro, Lucas Beauchamp, who years before had antagonized the child's racial pride by refusing payment for a meal. To save Lucas, who will assert but not defend his innocence, Chick has to exhume a corpse in the dark of a graveyard and to enlist the help of his Uncle Gavin, a discursive country lawyer. The real battle, however, is against the mob's rage and the whole town's even more frightening passivity. It is won. But the Negro pays for his rescuers' service—he still owes nothing.

Superficially, then, the novel is a Gothic thriller. It even has touches of a movie scenario—in its race-against-time pattern, its humorous scenes, and its commentator. But the hackneyed plot and the conventional setting were a deliberate choice, to leave Faulkner freer for his essential concern—the depths of conflict within each character.

At the core of the book is the fact that the Negro has a natural dignity that makes him the ideal object of racial hatred. He refuses "to mean mister to anybody even when he says it." What the white man thinks about him is: "We got to make him a nigger first. . . . Then maybe we will accept him as he seems to intend to be accepted." The point, masterfully focused and sustained, is that the prospective victim incarnates the conscience of his oppressors.

The meaning of Chick's crusade, on the contrary, is not clear. His obsessive relation to Lucas is firmly established; but his sudden hunger for justice, once unleashed, runs ahead like an instinct. Instead of reliving a process, we witness a march, a compulsive drive—what the novel invokes is not a character, it is a plot. Chick is driven by integrity, as so many Faulkner heroes have been driven by a sexual urge or a need for revenge. The tale is in the first person—Chick's stream of recollections—but Faulkner's verbal incontinence continually casts a doubt on it. Can this luxuriantly worded soliloquy be the boy's alone? Isn't Faulkner lending his consciousness an amplifier?

The political ideas voiced by Uncle Gavin are unmistakably Faulkner's. The crux of the matter is that white and Negro people in the South form an "organic" community. This is why the whites must claim the exclusive privilege of setting their Negroes free themselves, outside and against any Yankee interference. The process must be native and aggressively autonomous. A white solidarity is the only road toward some future brotherhood. "Resist the North" is the hymn. At one point something like a Southern crusade is envisaged, after which "we [the Southerners] would dominate the United States."

This manifesto of a lyrical Dixiecrat may be a distressing document. I can remember that the fascist "solution" of the class struggle had a similar mystique. But does labeling help to understand a novel? Is "Intruder in the Dust" matter for an editorial?

For once, Faulkner may be profitably compared to Dostoevsky: he is a "Slavophile" of the deep South. A kind of political parochialism could well be the price both writers had to pay for their thrusts into the psychological nature of modern oppression. Faulkner's

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insight into social evil is not half so keen as Dostoevsky's; but his revulsion from what is usually called "progress" has a comparable intensity. Our materialism appalls Faulkner. He dreams of "homogeneity," meaning, I suppose, a social cohesiveness less inimical to life than the profit motive. His remarks on "our national passion for the mediocre," and the "religion of the entrails" and the already famous passage that begins "The American really loves nothing but his automobile" are neither new nor tasteful, but they spring from an experience fundamentally more radical than any other American writer's of today. And this bitterness is the living ground of what is artistically best in his novel. I am thinking of the pages on the noises in the little town, on the ebb and tide of the lynch mob, on the wisdom of women and adolescents, and on the unbearable inertia of the hills and fields.

The novel—with its end that is an old beginning, every wound still open—gave me finally a sense of claustrophobia. The writer himself may have felt it—Yoknapatawpha County has become a prison. The crisis, of course, is still with him; and as in Cartier-Bresson's beautiful photograph of the novelist at home in Mississippi, his eyes stare away from the Southern mansion that frames him to look at what is neither in the South nor in us.

NOTES BY THE WAY

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

JUSTICE Waits," read a headline the other day, "as Queens Court Vainly Tries to Eject Pigeons." The story related the exploits of two pigeons who got into the Queens County Courthouse and took up positions on a ledge forty-four feet up. "The pigeons . . . preened and cooed as Magistrate Horn reminded witnesses to keep their minds on business. Then the pigeons took to swooping over the magistrate and spectators." The magistrate called for an agent from the S. P. C. A., but the pole the agent brought, with net, was only twenty feet long. The magistrate sent for peanuts, but the pigeons, as the report noted, "apparently had just eaten."

It took me at least two minutes to realize that what the story reminded me of was an evening I'd just spent at the Metropolitan Opera House. Markova, the most exquisite dancer now to be seen in America and perhaps in the Western world, was appearing in the lovely ballet "Giselle." (Giselle is the story of a peasant girl who falls in love with a handsome stranger, only to discover that he is actually a prince who is engaged to marry a woman of his own rank. The shock deranges Giselle, and as the first act ends she kills herself with the sword of her lover.)

The house lights had been lowered, the curtains had swung back, and Giselle and the prince were declaring their love when two pigeons, a male and a female, came down the aisle led by an usher who unfortunately was not equipped with a net. The pigeons apparently had just eaten; they had that well-fed, late-dinner look—and who would dream of skipping a course merely to be on time for "Giselle"? The two empty seats in my row had worried me all along—and they were the seats the pigeons were headed for.

But no. There was some mistake. The pouters whispered and whooed. *Their* seats were farther in; they wanted *their* seats, they'd paid for them, and other people were sitting in them. The usher, who was something of a pigeon himself, whooed back. The two usurpers stood up, looked frantically for their stubs, and waited for the verdict; the rest of the row turned eyes right as human beings will and leaned forward to watch the pigeons' progress. I resolutely kept my eyes on the stage where Markova was doing some particularly beautiful turns, but the trouble was that my mind was obsessed by a fantasy about shooting pigeons.

The invaders, fuss, feathers, and all, were finally persuaded to light in the empty seats, the usurpers settled back, and the usher went off—to bring in more pigeons. By that time Giselle had gone mad, and the first act was almost over. As the curtains closed, the pigeons swooped out—thirsty, no doubt, from

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NORMAN MAILER author of "The Naked and the Dead," writing in the first issue of the National Guardian sounded the keynote for the Guardian's support of the candidacy of Henry Wallace when he said: ***"America is in a moral wilderness today. There is hope to be found in the fact that there is resistance, and that there is a Progressive Party, which will poll millions of votes, millions of protests against the campaign to make America fascist, in preference to letting it move socialist."***

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their efforts to obtain justice. But they swooped back—and the dullest boy in the class will now tell me whether or not they returned in time for Act II.

AMERICAN TROOPS and civilians in Germany, I see, will soon be getting copies of Sears, Roebuck's Christmas catalogue—310 pages of illustrations and descriptions of consumers' goods. Perhaps it will be best if those Germans who get hold of the book—and how can that be prevented?—dismiss it as a collection of the fantasies generated by hunger and poverty. As for the Russians, I expect to hear any day now that they have taken special and drastic measures to keep this unofficial broadcast of the Voice of America out of their zone—as the subversive, deviationist, capitalist, counter-revolutionary literature it is.

A BARBER SHOP in the forties has this sign painted on its window:

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CORRECTION: My sense of time betrayed me when in my last Notes I said that the film column would be resumed "next week." I meant *next* week—that is, the issue of October 30.

"Eat Rocks"

EDWARD ARLINGTON ROBINSON. The American Men of Letters Series. By Emery Neff. William Sloane Associates. $3.50.

AFTER Edward Arlington Robinson American poetry took a great leap. Upon whether to add *forward* or *backward* to that sentence our critical opinion will depend. Emery Neff does not broach the point—which I think is an opportunity lost—but by the sheer omissions from his book the feeling is given that with all our early twentieth-century strivings we have not gone very far beyond the marks attained by the author of "Tristram," "The Man Against the Sky," "Captain Craig," and "The Glory of the Nightingales." Ezra Pound is not mentioned until page 192 and then only in passing; there is not a word about contrasting significances, although Robinson lived until 1932, a twenty-year overlap during which the "new" in poetry was in its most florid stage.

Now this brings up a most interesting question. Did Robinson come at the end of a period, a period diametrically opposed to that which immediately followed, or was he in truth the great progenitor of the modern in its best sense and does he, rather, belong to that?

In the Introduction to his book Mr. Neff says, speaking of his protagonist, "In a time of unbridled, sometimes fantastic, experimentation Robinson, as Frost observes, 'stayed content with the old-fashioned way to be new.' Through that way he speaks to other peoples—a Frenchman is among his best critics—and will speak to other times." Yes, but don't let us forget that after longing for a lifetime to get to England, Robinson got there finally and was horribly disappointed, wishing only to come home again to his familiar beans. His only disciple there, if this book is correct, was, amazingly, Mr. Auden—who later came here also, to stay.

It is important, critically, to know in studying Robinson's work *how* it might articulate with the best work of today. For myself I think it does and that it confirms us, the "unbridled," in the very things which we have been experimenting with. My opinion is that Robinson with his inbred loyalism—which when it blossoms becomes as always a universal—implies just those further experiments in form which he did not in his time find it expedient or even possible to make. He stuck at least to the language, the American language, and what did it get him? Refusal. He would not, however, or could not, being a moral man and not a magazine pander, let go of his style. He stayed on the ball, he followed it unrelentingly. No man has had more courage through adversity than he. Rimbaud said, "Eat rocks." Robinson did.

This is a masculine art, to eat rocks. But, by God, it is a masculine art to eat not somebody else's rocks but your own. This Robinson did also. His life in that sense was not a tragedy, not such a tragedy as it might have been if he had run off to England or even France and forgotten Gardiner, Maine. His verses were so tight with what he packed into them, so flawless in their perfection, that I personally can't see what else could be done with them. They had to burst, crack open, or be cracked open, like a hickory nut, for the meat in them.

And when you get through the flinty shell of art, what do you find? Meat. Juicy, sweet meat. Robinson at heart was juicy and sweet. Take his shell and call it the end of a period, but his meat, not rotten, to me begins the new tree.

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more than I should like it to be; it is worth reading if for nothing else than the story it tells of the battle Robinson carried on to live and be a poet in the 1890's. It is a story which needed telling, and though Mr. Neff has omitted many details which might have added to his effects, all the essential points in the heroic struggle have been at least brought to our attention.

Robinson's poems seem a thousand years away from us today. That they are only thirty to forty years away shows what changes have taken place in the craft since the turn of the century. The bareness, the rock-like contours of the lines and stanzas Robinson perfected, speak volumes upon the physical differences of two contiguous periods. But there the divergence ends. Good practice is good practice; Robinson was much closer to what excellence there is in present-day styles, that of e. e. cummings, let us say, than to Cawein or Moody or any of the others successful in his period, when to him all doors seemed barred. He preceded the break which finally let the flood through, beginning our day. We may safely claim him as belonging to our own period and not to that against which the poets of today revolted.

In quoting so little from Robinson's works it may be that Mr. Neff has been foresighted. For by this and the narrative of a life which was a virtual hell of devotion to an art rigorous and masculine in its disciplines, he sends us to the poems themselves.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

The Japanese Puzzle

MIRROR FOR AMERICANS: JAPAN. By Helen Mears. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

MACARTHUR'S JAPAN. By Russell Brines. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.50.

NEW PATHS FOR JAPAN. By Harold Wakefield. Oxford University Press. $3.75.

THE canker of doubt has long since entered into judgments on the American occupation of Japan, and even the officially minded are no longer sure that democracy comes by spontaneous combustion or even by MacArthur fiat. Also cognizance is being taken of the fact that democracy has elastic definitions when great powers fall out and look for geographically well-placed friends. It is easier to put questions about the occupation than to answer them. Just what is happening in Japan? How much have the Japanese changed, if at all? How far is their social structure altered behind the façade? Nobody knows, and none of the writers here under review makes any pretenses.

Miss Mears's book is in a class by itself and hard to describe. It is an attempt at a kind of post-war revisionism but sometimes is more than that and sometimes less, and it is not easy to see the author's point except that she thinks Japan was more sinned against than sinning and, though bad, was misunderstood and is now too harshly judged. In part it is an apologia and in part a *tu quoque*, and in both parts muddled. Japan was bad, Miss Mears admits, but we made it what it was the day before Pearl Harbor. To support that she has to believe that Japan was never particularly militaristic or aggressive until we of the West taught it to be, a belief that will startle all historians of Japan, including the Japanese.

Also she resorts to an old and politically naive argument: look at all the imperialistic encroachments of the West in China in the nineteenth century. But does it follow that the world is estopped from ever trying to prevent that sort of thing and that Japan should not have been resisted, either by the Chinese or by the Western powers? Or that Japan should have been permitted to take China by default and with our blessing by way of penitence? For one thing, the Western powers had territory only on China's periphery and only a little of that in full sovereignty, while Japan tried to take the whole of China as it had taken Korea. Further, Japan sought to make China a colony just when the West had renounced nearly all its imperialistic perquisites and was preparing to renounce the rest. In the same way, in a chapter entitled Hindsight View of a World Menace, Miss Mears argues that the danger of Japan was exaggerated for propaganda purposes, and as evidence cites facts and figures to show how weak Japan was in 1944. By the same token Hitler's helplessness in early 1945 showed that Nazi Germany was never really dangerous.

Miss Mears makes some good points.

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There was a good deal of pharisaism in our war propaganda, and a corrective is healthy, but she tries to prove too much. Her earlier travel book on Japan had some perceptive and imaginative writing. Here she is only proving that a little historical learning is a peculiarly dangerous thing.

Mr. Brines makes no systematic judgments but tries to give a rounded picture of Japan after the war. He calls the book "MacArthur's Japan"—probably without subtle intent, though Japanese propagandists may make a good deal of that title some day—but he is evading the unspoken question put by it. Is it really MacArthur's Japan or the Sun Goddess's Japan indulging the egregious enemy conqueror for the moment?

It would be as incorrect to say the occupation has brought no changes as to claim the country's complete democratization on a miraculous time-table. New ideas have come into the cities, and their surface manifestations have been numerous. They are bound to have some effect, and each alteration produced may be part of a more important chain of developments. . . . What did they really feel inside themselves? No one knew.

Mr. Brines himself is none too confident, certainly less confident than General MacArthur, for whom he has considerable admiration, probably more than most correspondents.

One thing, however, Mr. Brines is confident of, and it is significant that he puts it so casually, as something he expects everybody takes for granted. Speaking of the occupation's task: "As well as the bulwarks against fresh imperialism, there had to be others against the Marxist tide. In raising them, headquarters slowed many reforms and apparently scrapped plans for others. . . ." Then a little farther down on the same page: "Finally the occupation acquired a sixth aim—to place Japan within the American orbit and keep her friendship." And a few pages later: "Stripped of diplomatic niceties, what MacArthur had done was to transform Japan from a beaten, floundering country into a beachhead against Soviet Russia, the last dependable foothold in East Asia." This, too, may be part of an important chain of developments, and Chinese, Filipinos, Koreans, Indonesians, Malays, Hindus, Australians, and New Zealanders may be less casual about it than Mr. Brines and his compatriots. In fact, history's judgment may be that it was the only part of the occupation that mattered.

Mr. Wakefield writes more formally and scientifically. He has done a competent, succinct summary of the important aspects of Japanese society before the war and after. He also writes more guardedly and, of the accomplishments of the occupation, more generously. He permits himself little speculation and few opinions, and such as he does indulge in are more optimistic than the opinions of most observers, probably more than the facts warrant. Yet he has done a workmanlike compendium of the essentials of Japanese society, one that will be useful to serious students of the Far East.

NATHANIEL PEFFER

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Fiction in Review

IF ANYONE these days still has illusions about the happy life of a book reviewer, I suggest he read the three novels I comment on this week—"The Running of the Tide" by Esther Forbes (Houghton Mifflin, $4), "Remembrance Rock" by Carl Sandburg (Harcourt, Brace, $5), and "Guard of Honor" by James Gould Cozzens (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50). The total mileage of the three volumes is 2,330 pages—big pages too—of which I suppose I covered about half. But even shirking this much of the job, I feel as if I had just completed one of those wonderful enterprises of fortitude and folly like crossing the Rockies backward.

"The Running of the Tide" is so clearly a pot-boiler—and this despite Miss Forbes's reputation as a historian—that it really should not be reviewed at all in a serious magazine. In fact, I had already set it aside, when I saw it written about on the front page of the New York *Times Book Review* as if it were a major artistic achievement. While it may not be entirely fair to submit an author to harsh judgment in one periodical just because she was unduly praised in another, I think it would be even less fair to allow the readers of this magazine to discover the disappointment of Miss Forbes's novel for themselves. Actually Miss Forbes's story of the seafarers of Salem has but a single thing to recommend it—its presumable historical accuracy. For the rest it is a tedious romance aimed at the movies, as remote as it could be from the important experience it was called by the newspaper which is the chief molder of literary opinion in this country.

On the other hand, I can be grateful to another front-page *Times* review—Perry Miller's review of Carl Sandburg's "Remembrance Rock"—for minimizing the constraint I naturally feel at having to report that a first novel by so long established and valued a member of the literary community is such an unhappy performance. In a poem about Lincoln in Mr. Sandburg's "The People, Yes" there are the lines:

Death was in the air.
So was birth.
What was dying few could say.
What was being born none could know.

They are not very good lines, but they are at least concise. They also announce a modesty before the historical process of which Mr. Sandburg's verbose novel about three centuries of American life gives no sign.

"Remembrance Rock" is about the American Dream, whatever that may be: I gather from a couple of dozen novels on the subject that it is the idealism which guided the growth of this country. In order for America to be as it is—so the argument seems to run—all the jobs that Americans have done have had to have a special motive and

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quality, the democratic motive and quality; every ordinary human emotion and drive has been subordinated to the purpose of producing a country which, sometime in the twentieth century, would be worth dying for. The logic of this kind of historical thought has always escaped me, and escapes me even further after reading Mr. Sandburg's novel. Even the dull scalpel of dialectical materialism seems to me to be more useful in laying bare the tissues of our national growth than such mystic sentimentalism. What country in the world, fascist or democratic, could not make just as persuasive and accurate a case of having been built, not of simple human materials, good and bad mixed, but of the energy of a similar dream?

Anyone acquainted with Mr. Sandburg's poetry will find most of its familiar elements in his novel: there is the same soft affirmation and conscious optimism, the same excessive impulse to social unity, the same love of the rhythms of balladry and religion, the same massing of the people and objects which compose our national strength. But somehow this paraphernalia is much more troubling when we come on it in "Remembrance Rock" than it is in Mr. Sandberg's verse. For like all patriots who are more ardent than thoughtful, Mr. Sandburg reminds us in his novel of how thin is the line between too fervent democratic nationalism and other kinds of nationalism, including the kind against which democracy recently went to war. Instead of fortifying our democratic emotions "Remembrance Rock" transcendentalizes them out of reality. And transcendental political emotions are, as we know from the experience of our own times, dangerous things.

One simple corrective, of course, to Mr. Sandburg's brand of mystic sentimentalism is humor or irony. In addition to all the other nice things America is, it is also funny, and I find it striking that our patriotic novelists seem so little aware of this. Were "Remembrance Rock" a good deal less solemn, it would not only be a good deal more safe and truthful; it would also be far more readable.

The only previous novel of Mr. Cozzens's I have read is "The Last Adam." I remember it as much too good a book to have been written by the author of "Guard of Honor." A report on three days in the life of an army airfield in Florida, "Guard of Honor" is perhaps the most tedious document of the war effort that has come my way—as frazzling and unilluminating as a minute-by-minute account of any three days in any big-business bureaucracy.

DIANA TRILLING

Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FROM London to the Martin Beck Theater Robert Morley has brought not only himself but various other principal performers to appear with him in "Edward, My Son," a play—or rather a vehicle—which he wrote for his own use in collaboration with one Noel Langley. Before the curtain goes up, Mr. Morley steps to the footlights to tell, in character, something about the person he is about to present, and before he has been speaking for more than two or three minutes it is evident that he has every member of the audience eating out of his hand. No doubt the knowledge that he hypnotized British audiences before he came here has something to do with the fact, but not, I imagine, very much. Obviously he is endowed with one of the greatest as well as one of the most mysterious gifts which an actor can have, namely, the power of arresting and of holding attention. Audiences like him on sight, and they go on liking him in some warm, personal fashion probably influenced to only a minor degree by the play in which he is appearing or the character he is enacting.

Certainly "Edward, My Son" is hardly a play at all, is hardly more than a series of very sketchy climaxes outlining a sensational story to which the authors have never bothered to give any sort of solidity. One could, I imagine, read it without, as Dr. Johnson said of a successful farce of his day, being aware that one was reading anything at all. But if one has no great belief in the fabulous hero—a tycoon who rises to vast wealth through a series of skulduggeries all justified to himself on the ground that he must provide the best of everything for the unworthy son who never appears on stage—one does, nevertheless, believe very firmly in Mr. Morley, and that is enough.

Nearly every actor dreams nightly of being given a chance at such a play as this, which wastes no time on boring things like character analysis or memorable dialogue and concentrates on the one important business of providing a series of big scenes. Fortunately most actors never have their dream come true, and fortunately Mr. Morley is the man who can actually get away with what the others think they could. Consider, for example, the scene in which

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he gets his start in life by risking a spot of arson with one eye on the insurance money. Or the scene in which he blackmails the schoolmaster righteously resolved to expel the precious son. Or the one in which he sneaks out on the secretary who had become his mistress; or the one in which he checkmates the wife who wants to divorce him. Any one of them by itself would be enough to gladden an actor's heart, and Mr. Morley has given himself all of them, along with at least half a dozen more, in one single evening. But because he acts as though he deserved no less, because he plays them all and seems still to be ready for more, the audience is quite properly delighted. Somehow he seems less to be showing off than inviting the spectator to enjoy the fun with him, and the spectator accepts the invitation.

Possibly what he is doing is not really acting at all, at least in the austere sense of the word intended by the more serious students of the art. Certainly since he is a good deal like what he was in "Oscar Wilde," it seems a reasonable assumption that he is being, if not himself, then at least his habitual stage character. Probably the audience could not like him as well as it does if he were actually presenting in any convincing way the ruthless, cruel egoist he is supposed to be, and the difference between what he achieves and another kind of acting is clear enough when we compare his performance with that of his leading lady, Peggy Ashcroft. She submerges her personality; she creates a character; she actually changes visibly from scene to scene as she is supposed to grow older. Yet such is the charm of Mr. Morley's performance that the reaction of the audience to the two was almost certainly what I confess mine was. Of Miss Ashcroft I approve highly; by Mr. Morley I am, perhaps unworthily, delighted. From the very beginning he seems to be perpetually tipping us the wink. "I am not," he seems to be saying, "really the despicable creature I am supposed to be representing. I am, instead, a fellow of great charm and a fine sense of fun who is putting on this show for your entertainment. Quite literally I am as pleased as Punch and just as harmlessly villainous as he. Let us take, together, that moral holiday which everybody needs. Let us for one evening hold all the trump cards and let us play them ruthlessly. When the evening is over, I will take off my grease paint, you will go home, and we will all have had a fine time. What more can you ask for in the theater?"

Well, one can, of course, if one wants to be stuffy, ask for all sorts of sincere and true and wise and subtle things not to be found in "Edward, My Son." But one gets them seldom in the theater or anywhere else, and Mr. Morley's performance is something to be grateful for while waiting for a great play to come along.

For Dodd, Mead and Company John Chapman has compiled "The Burns Mantle Best Plays of 1947-48." It is the first volume continuing the series long edited by the late Mr. Mantle, and it follows exactly the previous formula. There seems every reason to believe that the series will continue to be a convenient as well as indispensable record for all who want to keep up with the contemporary American theater.

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Music

B. H. HAGGIN

THE enterprising New York City Opera Company has done itself honor by producing one of the supreme wonders achieved by the human mind —Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro." The production is less successful than that of "Don Giovanni," because "Figaro" is more difficult to produce. What distinguishes it from Mozart's other operas is the liveliness and richness of the orchestra's activity; and while the company has good singers for the solo parts—notably James Pease for Figaro, Virginia MacWatters for Susanna, Frances Bible for Cherubino, Frances Yeend for the Countess—it hasn't good enough woodwinds for those heart-piercing obbligato phrases and ravishing textures. Moreover the textures of orchestral and vocal sounds must be produced with the absolutely perfect clarity, precision, and finish which require far more rehearsal than the production got—to judge from textures, in the performance conducted by Joseph Rosenstock, which were unprecise, unclear, and coarse.

The good singers are also good actors; but their stage performance also suffered from insufficient rehearsal. And H. A. Condell's scenery strengthened the impression I have had from "Salome" and "Don Giovanni"—that his clumsiness and bad taste are the company's greatest single liability.

"Figaro" is sung in English; and the results confirm my belief that this procedure is a mistake. In the recitatives the English words could be heard clearly; in the arias and ensembles I had to strain to hear them, although I was in the first row of the first balcony; and most of the audience in less good seats must have strained more and in vain. The only way for it to know what the arias were about was to read the libretto before the performance; and that is the better way. For when one strains to hear the words one doesn't hear the music that is the point of the proceedings; and the better way to follow the drama is the one which doesn't distract attention from the music—which is a mere recognition of what one already knows, not a strain-

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ing to discover what one doesn't know. And it is also the one which provides the additional pleasure of the sound of the Italian words with Mozart's music—the delicious effect, with the music of *Non piu andrai*, of the words and rhymes of *Per montagne, per valloni, Con le nevi e i sollioni, Al concerto di tromboni, Di bombarde, di cannoni, Che le palle in tutti i tuoni.* The advocates of opera in English always point to Europe where opera is sung in the language of the country; but in Vienna I saw as many people reading librettos before the performances as in New York; and in Vienna Mozart is now being sung in Italian.

I don't think the plot of "Charley's Aunt" provides a less acceptable book for "Where's Charley?" than what is usually thought up for a musical show; and the role of Charley provides the occasion for some very funny clowning by Ray Bolger. Additional material for him are the excellent songs "Make a Miracle" and "Once in Love With Amy," the first of which he does with delightful Allyn McLerie, and the second of which he uses for an extended and varied solo dance-routine that is one of the high spots of the evening. The other is Balanchine's ballet "Pernambuco," which develops into a hilarious burlesque of some of the South American numbers we have seen. Miss McLerie is with Bolger in that too; and she has a cleverly amusing song, "The Woman in His Room," by herself. All of which provides enough first-class entertainment for the evening, along with music, comedy, and dancing that are merely routine.

To what I said recently about the ballet season at City Center I should add a word about the remarkable Danieli-Arnell-Armistead ballet, "Punch and the Child," which is being given with the Balanchine works, and another word about the performances—the beautiful dancing of the company, the excellent musical support provided by Leon Barzin with very little rehearsal of the orchestra.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Oops!

Dear Sirs: Correcting a mistake in one of the editorial paragraphs in your issue of October 9, South Dakota's Chan Gurney is not our Senator. Thank God!

GEROLD SAXERUD

Cooperstown, N. D., October 14

Dear Sirs: Please change Senator Gurney's bailiwick from North to South Dakota, where he belongs.

A. S. D. BOYD

Middlebrook, Mo., October 13

[To North Dakota, our apologies.—EDITORS THE NATION]

German Women: Potential Liberal Allies

Dear Sirs: Over a year ago I talked to some German women in Munich, at a meeting of the "Süddeutsche Frauen Arbeits-Kreis," an association of women voters. These women were not all native Bavarians. During the war some had been smuggled from the north into southern Germany by the underground railway, operated mainly by women, when their anti-Nazi activities had forced them to go into hiding. There were Catholics, Quakers, Socialists, and unaffiliated liberals among them; all had suffered for their convictions. Definitely Western in their sympathies, they found it most discouraging that anti-Nazi women who happened to find themselves in Russian-occupied territory when the war ended got urgently needed help from the occupying power while those in western Germany got none.

No one could contradict them who had listened to the interesting Russian-sponsored broadcasts for German housewives or had read the attractive women's magazines licensed by the Russian occupation officials. The Westerners were allotted very little paper for their own publications, the licensed German press seldom if ever gave space to their special problems, and they met with great difficulties if they wanted to organize. Their friends in the Russian zone got transportation, offices, and even those scarcest of all items—typewriters. While the Russian-licensed broadcasts effectively mentioned German women in high administrative and educational positions, it seemed as if the American occupation officials had not yet understood the fact that two-thirds of the German voters are women, and that these women voters must be educated and organized if the elections by which Hitler was voted into office are not to be repeated some day.

We should by all means avail ourselves of the surviving nucleus of determined anti-totalitarian German women leaders who are willing to cooperate in democratic reconstruction. Organizations by which these leaders can reach the masses exist while there are none of the sort for German men. The German women leaders served under the Weimar Republic and are now somewhat old, but among them are the most courageous fighters, such as Dr. von Zahn-Harnack, Frau Lüders, and Frau Albrecht.

The major problems before these courageous and mature women were the same ones that worried Military Government officials—housing, food, and coal allocations, juvenile delinquency, prostitution, and the integration of the refugees from the east into the overcrowded rural communities; yet there seemed to be no American woman with sufficient authority and experience in the Military Government to whom these German women could turn.

A few visitors to Germany have perceived the dangerous frustration of the German women and seen how this is cleverly exploited by the Russian officials to the benefit of their own political schemes. One such was Mrs. Chase Going Woodhouse, the former Congresswoman from Connecticut, whose report has just been released by Secretary of the Army Royall.

The document shows an underlying mood of optimism. This is rather a surprise, considering the disillusioned accounts of most recent American observers of the German scene. Mrs. Woodhouse obviously understands that much time and much good-will has been lost in the three and a half years of occupation, but she convinces her reader that it is still not too late for a new start.

Everyone who knows the conditions in Germany will agree with her that it is of prime importance to have the right American woman set up a Women's Affairs Division on a par with OMGUS. On this score the report wisely says: "Seeing an American woman working

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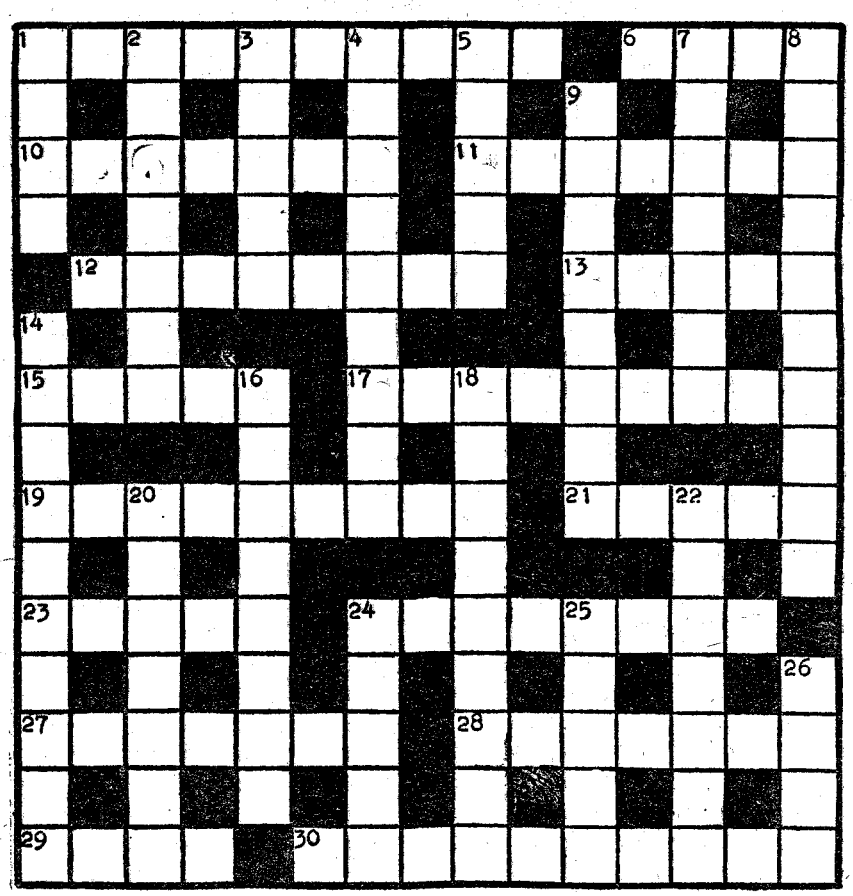
Crossword Puzzle No. 285

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Antagonist of long standing? (10)
6 See 19.
10 How to round-up a quarrel. (7)
11 Roust it out of a traveler. (7)
12 Not a regular aspirant for political power. (8)
13 Had I European blood, I might show this. (5)
15 Tennyson found them idle. (5)
17 Where ships stop and are at odds, perhaps. (9)
19, 6, and 25 Cry of an early would-be trader. (2, 7, 3, 1, 5)
21 Perhaps only one room, but big enough to get a vehicle in. (5)
23 13 in a different country said nothing of the sort. (5)
24 Meeting on horseback. (8)
27 Let them be themselves. (7)
28 The bull and fox are representative kinds. (7)
29 This carriage might be mine. (4)
30 Not necessarily the quality of a 25. (10)

DOWN

1 Broadcasts, perhaps. (4)
2 Mobile state. (7)
3 Longfellow said something falls from its wings like a feather. (5)
4 Certain in step. (9)
5 Soften up, but not to eat. (5)
7 If you're looking for an opening, this may be it. (7)
8 Are magic shows and outings? (10)
9 Dinosaurs abounded in this period. (8)
14 Where some people put portraits on hinges. (5, 5)
16 Merely a song to sing. (8)
18 There's change about mother, even though she's of the old school. (4, 5)
20 See 26.
22 Where to find ossified material around a pine tree. (7)
24 Part of the asparagus-top. (5)
25 See 19.
26 and 20 He took part in a miracle of the screen a year or so ago. (4, 7)

—⊕—

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 284

ACROSS:—1 DANDELIONS; 6 MESH; 10 WARDENS; 11 THE WEST; 12 FLOG; 13 PERCOLATOR; 15 RESOUND; 16 DISHRAG; 17 HAIRCUT; 20 POISSON; 22 COLLATERAL; 23 FARO; 25 UPRIGHT; 26 APROPOS; 27 TIDY; 28 HETERODOXY.

DOWN:—1 DOWN FOR THE COUNT; 2 NERVOUS; 3 EDEN; 4 INSTEAD; 5 NOTICED; 7 ELECTOR; 8 HETEROGENEOUSLY; 9 REALISTIC; 14 SURCHARGE; 18 ILL-BRED; 19 TRESTLE; 20 PLACATE; 21 SHAMPOO; 24 TRIO.

[Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules" for these challenging brain-teasers. Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.]

on a basis of equality with American men in Military Government would be more effective in improving the attitude of German men toward German women and of giving German women self-confidence as women than expanding the staff of Women's Affairs."

Many of the younger German women are suspicious of public affairs. But since few of them will have a chance to marry, they must be taught, as the report says, to "compensate for lack of home and family by participating in socially significant community activities." Translated into individual lives, this means a complete change in education and vocational guidance of German girls—a task in which much information and assistance will be required from Americans. Mrs. Woodhouse suggests that American organizations should send visiting experts. She mentions the League of Women Voters, the American Association of University Women, social workers, nurses, and labor unions.

Finally, Mrs. Woodhouse brings out the startling fact that there is only one permanent home economist on the staff of the Military Government. Since German women will have time and energy for civic affairs only if they learn better household management, this observation proves how urgently instruction by American women is needed. In the field of child care it is evident how closely the practical everyday problems are linked to the vaster goal of democratic community life. "The idea of self-discipline as opposed to the acceptance of discipline from without, of training the child to think rather than merely to obey," is indeed the very best thing American women could bring to Germany.

DORA EDINGER

New York, October 6

An Offense Against the Laical State

Dear Sirs: You may be interested in the following letter, which I sent last week to Dr. Francis J. Spaulding, the New York State Commissioner of Education:

Dear Sir: I am a writer, and my works —published books, articles in *Commonweal*, *Esprit*, and so forth, and others sent from Rome during my many years of residence in the Eternal City—show that I am not unaware of problems of faith and morals.

No such problem, in my view, is involved in the question of permitting *The Nation* to be circulated in the libraries and classrooms of the public schools of the city of New York. Perhaps the

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ecclesiastical authorities of the dioceses involved think differently. If so, it is their right, indeed their duty, to prohibit the reading of the publication. But by no stretch of the imagination can a civil authority in a laical state be justified in taking a step on the basis of protection of faith and morals. In addition to violating elementary civil liberties, such a step usurps the rights and duties of an authority other than civil.

Hence, the Board of Superintendents of New York City, in banning *The Nation* because articles it had published were objectionable on grounds of faith, was not only exceeding its authority but doing a serious disservice to the religious faith on whose behalf it professed to take the action. As an American and as a resident of New York state and city, I desire to protest vigorously against this totally unjustified and unjustifiable action, which is both an offense against the laicism of the state and an invasion of a province of authority not properly that of the laical state.

PERCY WINNER

New York, October 19

Help for James Kutcher

Dear Sirs: I wish to thank *The Nation* for its sympathetic editorial comment on James Kutcher, the legless veteran fired from his Veterans' Administration job for his political views. As you correctly emphasized, he is a real fighter for civil rights, and all who meet him are impressed by his modest courage. But courage is not enough to win his fight. He also needs help in mobilizing support, funds for legal expenses, and so on. Contributions and requests for further information may be sent to the non-partisan Kutcher Civil Rights Committee, 19 West Tenth Street, New York 11, New York.

GEORGE NOVACK, Secretary

New York, October 13

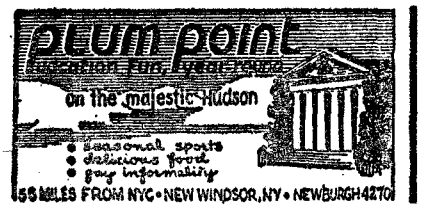
CONTRIBUTORS

PAOLO MILANO, a member of the staff of Queens College, edited "The Portable Dante." His latest book, a study of Henry James's work, has just appeared in Italy.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS is a practicing physician as well as a distinguished poet and novelist. His latest books are "Patterson," "A Dream of Love" and "The Clouds."

NATHANIEL PEFFER, professor of international relations at Columbia University, was long a resident of the Far East. He is the author of numerous books and articles.

RESORTS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A LETTER FROM EUGENE DENNIS

Dear Nation Readers:

Last June the joint action of many organizations and individuals, including Communists and non-Communists, temporarily blocked passage of the Mundt-Nixon police state bill.

At that time broad sections of the labor movement, scores of non-labor progressive organizations, and thousands of influential individuals joined forces to defend the Bill of Rights from this legislative attempt to nullify it. They correctly saw that all people's organizations and progressive, anti-war, political groups and parties would be seriously crippled and in time destroyed if the Mundt-Nixon bill were enacted. These broad forces recognized that this move to outlaw the Communist Party by requiring the registration of its individual members was a fascist measure, and would further advance the process of converting our country into a Hitler-like police state.

It is to these democratic American organizations and individuals that I appeal today. The bill whose passage they blocked last summer *is now being applied, de facto and unconstitutionally, by the Department of Justice, despite the fact that it did not become law.*

The pattern, first revealed in Denver, is now emerging even more plainly in Ohio. Leaders of the Communist Party are being hauled before special federal grand juries and ordered to produce the names and addresses of all Communist Party members in their districts. This is nothing more nor less than an attempt to force them to "register," although no law requiring such undemocratic policing of a political party has as yet been passed by Congress.

Moreover, five Communist leaders in Denver have been jailed for refusing to expose the entire Communist Party membership of Colorado to police persecution and to jeopardize their jobs in private industry. One of the five is the mother of three small children. All of them have been denied bail, and one has been sentenced to eighteen months in jail—with the threat of an indeterminate sentence if he continues to "refuse to talk." Unless the American people quickly wake up to what is happening, Ohio will repeat the Denver pattern—and it will soon become the pattern for all America.

The outlawing of the Communist Party—whether it is accomplished by legislative action, through frame-up indictments, or by the unconstitutional administrative procedures employed in Denver and Ohio—always and everywhere precedes or accompanies the rise of fascism and the drive towards war.

In our country, the forces driving toward fascism and war are waiting neither for the outcome of the Reichstag fire trial of the 12 indicted members of the Communist Party National Committee nor for the next attempt to enact a Mundt-Nixon bill. They are in effect already seeking to outlaw the Communist Party by jailing its local leadership and striving to round up all its individual members.

Under these circumstances those who saw the danger last June, and acted to avert it, cannot sit idly by.

I urge that every progressive organization, trade union, and democratic individual who was involved in the fight against the Mundt-Nixon bill now join in protesting to the President and the Attorney General against the flagrant assaults against the Bill of Rights being carried out in Denver and Ohio.

What joint mass action did last June, it can do again this October. The need for action—united, militant action—is now more imperative than ever—and the Communist Party is ready and eager to join forces with all who will act to save America from the horrors of fascism and the world from the catastrophe of a new world war.

Sincerely,

EUGENE DENNIS,
General Secretary, Communist Party

MR. EUGENE DENNIS
35 East 12th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

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